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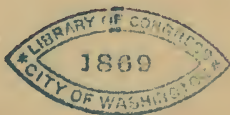
OVID'S EPISTLES,

TRANSLATED INTO

ENGLISH VERSE.

BY E. D. BAYNES, ESQ.

VOL. I.



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TO

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART.

AND M. P.

DEAR SIR,

IN the prosecution of the following translation, nothing has given me more sincere pleasure than the prospect of its enabling me to offer a slight, but unaffected tribute, to that happy combination of virtue and talent by which you are so eminently and honourably distinguished. To you, sir, the depth of whose erudition, the patience of whose research, and the variety of whose genius have adorned more than one branch of literature, do I dedicate this first appeal to the indulgence of the public. It may

possibly excite surprise, that instead of trying my strength in some light or trivial original piece, I venture on translating the most elegant work of one of the most elegant writers of the age in English. To this I reply, that if a translator only bring to his task a knowledge of his author, and a smooth versification, he cannot fail to produce at least a creditable version. Translation may be considered as a fair stepping-stone to a writer dubious of his powers; if he succeed, he has already breathed himself on the arena, on which he may then hope, with some prospect of victory, to tread as a combatant. If he prove deficient in the poetical qualifications necessary to execute a translation reputably, a good original

production is an effort of which his talents are wholly incapable. Still, however, it must be confessed, that, to do an author justice, and to make him appear in another language, as it may be imagined he himself would have written in it, is a task requiring no little portion of his own spirit and genius. A translation may be tolerated which, literally rendering the sense of the original in not unharmonious versification, is exempt from fault. But to please, to give satisfaction, more is required; the performance must have beauties, and those, too, without departing from the sense of the text. In the words of Sir John Denham, “poetry is of so subtle a nature, that in pouring it out of one language into another, it will all eva-

porate; if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*." With regard to the manner in which I have executed these Epistles, I shall say nothing; but leave them to swim or sink as the public may decide. Your judgment will doubtless find in them much to condemn, your indulgence more to excuse, and, let me hope, your impartiality something to approve. But whatever may be your opinion of them, it can neither add to nor diminish the esteem and respect with which I subscribe myself,

My dear sir,

Your most obedient,

And obliged servant,

E. D. BAYNES.

PREFACE.

PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO, our author, was born at Sulmo, about forty-three years B. C., of an ancient equestrian family. As he was intended for the law, his father early sent him to Athens, to study eloquence, then the chief requisite for that profession; when written laws were less voluminous than at present, and when causes were determined rather by fact than precedent. But his genius led him to court the Muses; and he soon entirely gave himself to the bent of his inclination. His merits were quickly appreciated by the polished and poetical court of the second Cæsar. Macer, Horace, Tibullus,

Propertius, and the emperor himself, became his familiar friends. He continued to reside at Rome until he incurred the displeasure of his patron, and was banished by him to Tomos, on the Euxine sea, where he died in the fifty-ninth year of his age, A. D. 17. Various reasons are assigned for this sudden exile; some suppose that the poet carried on an amour with Livia, the wife of Augustus; others attribute his disgrace to his accidental discovery of a shameful intrigue between the emperor and his own daughter Julia. He plainly intimates himself, that his offence was that of error only.

*Perdiderunt cum me, duo crimina, carmen et error,
Alterius facti culpa silenda mihi est.*

Again,

*Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci?
Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi est?*

He tells us also, that the cause of his misfortune was then notorious at Rome, though it be now enveloped in such obscurity. The reason declared by Augustus, was the lasciviousness and immorality of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. “ Indeed,” says Dryden, “ they are not to be excused, as being enough to corrupt a larger empire than even that of Rome : yet,” he continues, “ this may be said in behalf of Ovid, that no man ever treated the passion of love with so much delicacy of thought and expression, or searched so philosophically into its nature, as he. In these epistles, particularly, recollecting that the general character of women is modesty, he has taken a most becoming care that his amorous expressions go no further than virtue may allow, and therefore may be read by matrons without a blush.” Of all the works of Ovid, the Epistles are the most beau-

tiful, and the least exceptionable. In no production of any other author are the force and violence of the tender passions so truly and naturally described; even their faults arise from the luxuriancy of the author's fancy. He is always unable to resist a quaint conceit, often going out of his way for a good thing, and will rather disfigure a passage by its insertion than omit it. Thus his heroines are frequently witty even in the paroxysms of grief and anger. As Ariadne for instance :

Proditæ sum causis, una puella tribus.

Again :

Quamque lapis sedes, tam lapis ipse fui.

In another place :

*Quid potius facerent, quam me mea lumina flerent,
Postquam desierant vela videre tua ?*

Yet surely we shall be very ready to excuse the author, whose greatest fault is having too much wit, the very reverse of which may now be complained of with more justice. Of the present translation I shall only say, that I was induced to attempt it by my partiality for the author, and the recollection that the version we have now is by almost as many hands as Epistles, and that, with the exception of Sappho to Phaon, by Pope, and, I think, two others by Dryden, it is in general destitute of the spirit, and, in many instances, even of the sense of the original. Such is the fact: yet I cannot hope that the ill execution of others, however it may have incited me to the attempt, will excuse my failure; if I merit severity from the critical scourge, I shall doubtless experience it. With diffidence, but not without hope, I offer these seven Epistles to the world: if not

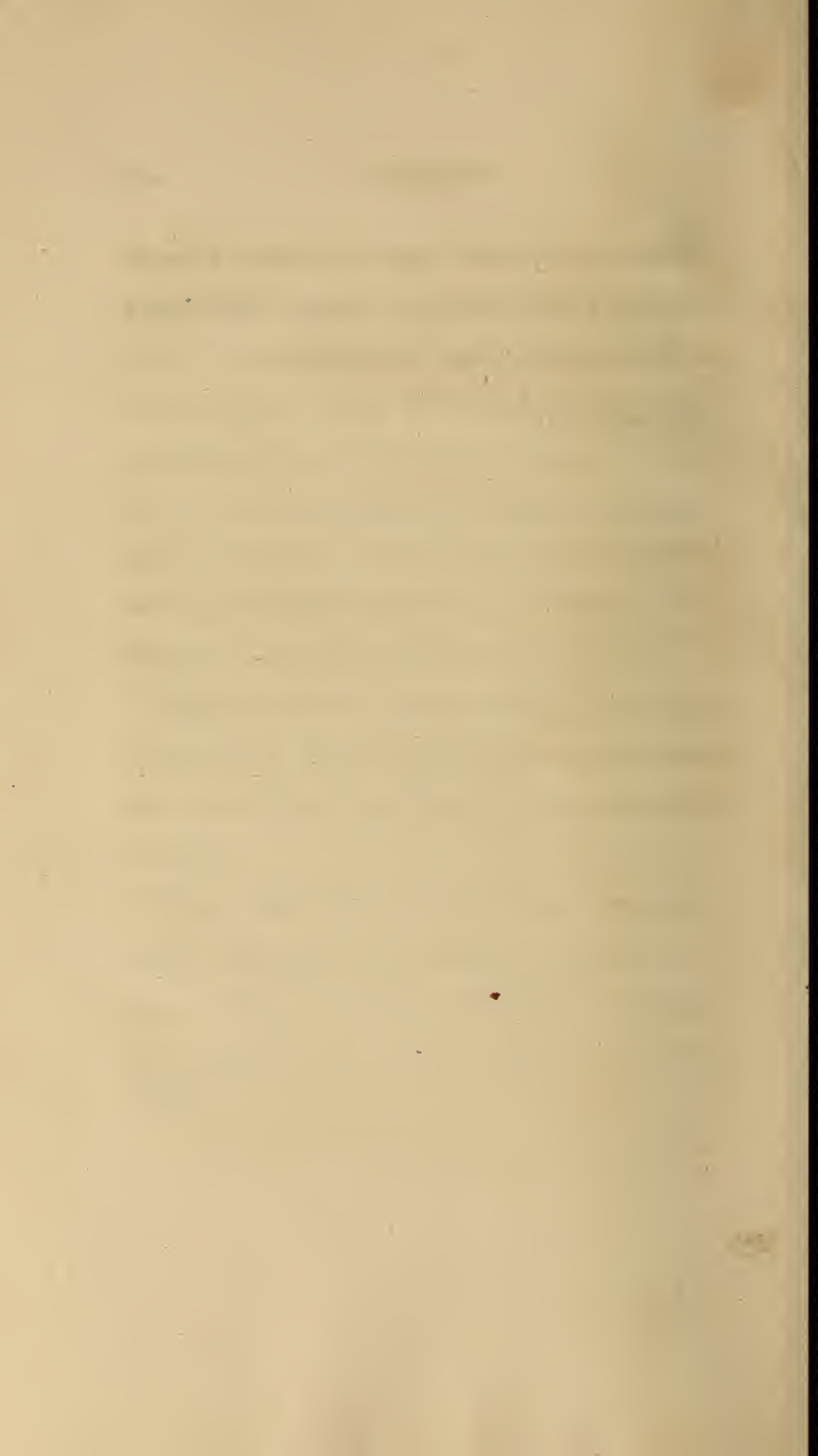
the first essay of my pen, they are its first appeal to the ordeal of public opinion. I propose to complete the whole twenty-one in twelve months from the present time. The remaining fourteen will form Volumes II. and III., each containing seven Epistles, and will appear, a period, at most, of six months elapsing between the publication of each volume. Volume II. will contain the following epistles :

Leander to Hero, Hero to Leander, Canace to Macareus, Briseis to Achilles, Hermione to Orestes, Deianira to Hercules, Hypermnestra to Linus.

Volume III. will consist of Acontius to Cydippe, Cydippe to Acontius, Hypsipile to Jason, Medea to Jason, Laodamia to Protesilaus, Penelope to Ulysses, Phyllis to Demophoon.

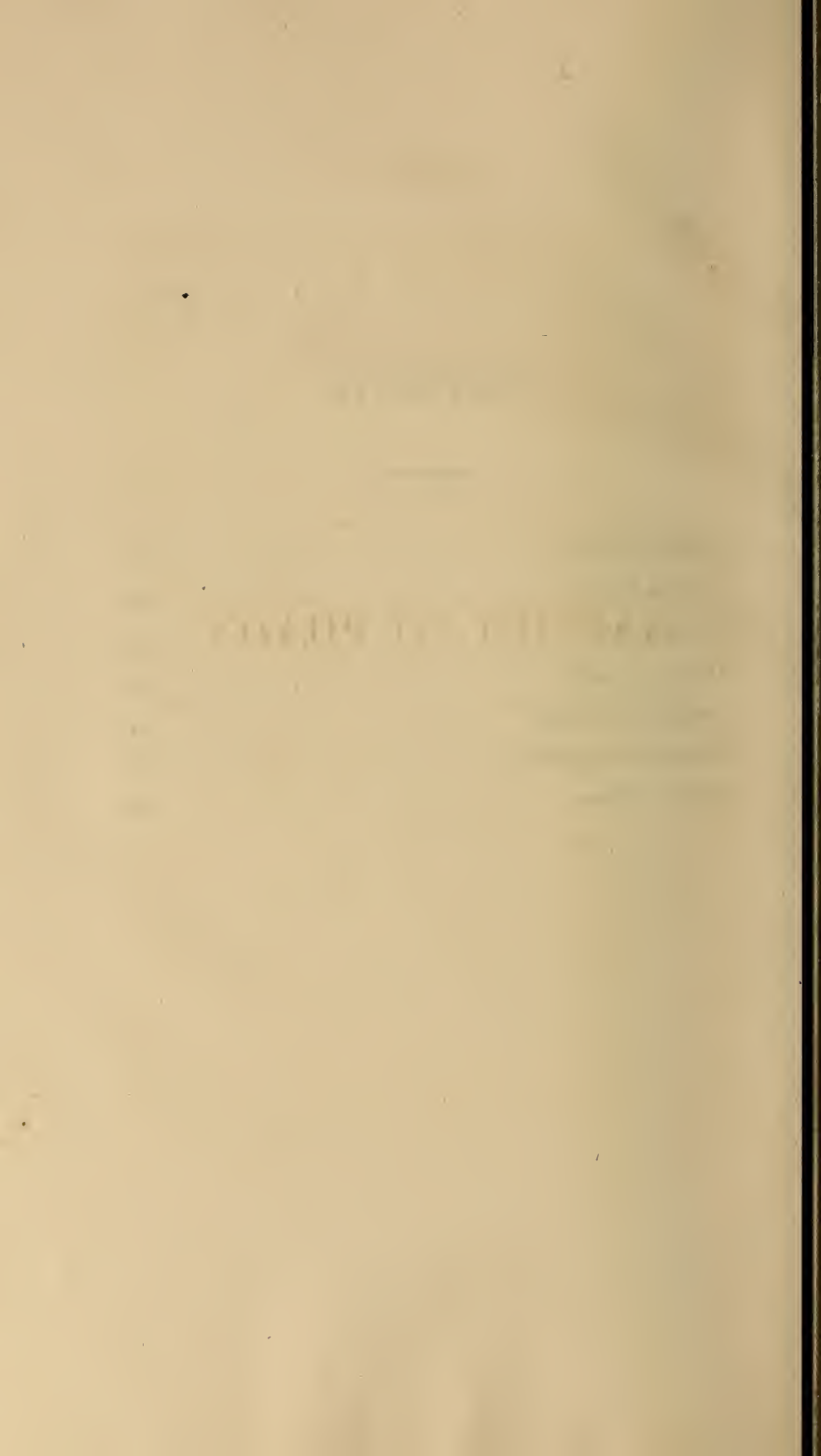
Whether the three replies of Aulus Sabinus will form a supplementary volume, will depend on the reception of my present task.

February 7, 1818.



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SAPPHO TO PHAON.

THE ARGUMENT.

SAPPHO, so celebrated for her beauty, her poetical talents, and her amorous disposition, was born in the island of Lesbos, about 600 years before Christ. She was the daughter of Scamandronymus and Cleis. Such was the violence of her tender passions, that many have asserted, that her attachment to several of the Lesbian ladies was of a criminal nature. So famous was she among the Greeks on account of her poetry, that she merited and obtained the appellation of the tenth muse.

*Dulcia Mnemosyne demirans carmina Sapphus,
Quæsit decima Pieris unde foret,*

says Antipater Sidonius, and Ausonius

Lesbia Pieriis Sappho—soror addita musis?
Εἶμ' αὐτῇ λυρικῶν Ἀοιδῶν δέκατη.

Papinius bears testimony of a different nature ;

*Stesichorusque ferox, saltusque ingressa viriles
Non formidata temeraria Leucade Sappho.*

Whence Horace calls her “ mascula Sappho,” and whence she acquired the surname of Tribas. She conceived such a passion for Phaon, a youth of Mitylene in Lesbos, that, upon his deserting her, and departing for Sicily, she resolved to throw herself into the sea, from the Leucadian promontory in Epirus : by which means it was supposed, that people who escaped with life, might be freed from their unfortunate attachment ; but before she makes so rash an attempt, she endeavours to excite his pity by a letter describing her love, her injuries, and her resolution.

SAPPHO TO PHAON.

FORGETFUL youth ! when now you first unclose
These conscious lines, memorial of my woes ;
Say, does the well-known hand its source proclaim ?
Or must thou seek the wretched Sappho's name ?
Chang'd is my verse ! and wouldst thou, Phaon, know 5
Why now no more my wonted numbers flow,
Ill suits the sounding lyre a heart in pain¹ ;
Deserted love demands a sadder strain.
I burn ! I burn ! not ripen'd corn so fast,
When flame the fields before the driving blast. 10
For Ætna's plains since Lesbos you resign,
Not Ætna's fires are half so fierce as mine.

Nor music now, nor verse, avail to please ;
Both are the pleasures of a mind at ease.
Nor lonely groves, nor streams that gently flow, 15
Nor soft society, can soothe my woe.
My female loves my passions move no more,
The guilty flames disgust which charm'd before² :
All, all forgot ; the love, ungrateful boy !
I bore so many, you alone enjoy. 20
Oh, how that form, that age, just ripe for love !
That heav'nly face, my tortur'd bosom move !
Such are your charms, would you the quiver wear,
And lyre soft-sounding, or the thyrsus bear,
Phœbus and Bacchus would with envy view 25
Mistaking thousands kneel and worship you.
Yet Phœbus lov'd ; and Bacchus, too, has known
The pangs of love, and sorrows like my own ;
One sued a Gnossian dame, and one in vain
Pursu'd fair Daphne, who contemn'd his pain : 30
Yet neither nymph the gift of song possess'd ;
The sacred sisters dwell in Sappho's breast :

Not bold Alcæus boasts superior praise,
If his sublimer, mine are softer lays ;
Remotest regions celebrate our fame ; 35
The same our country, and our muse the same.
If heav'n superior charms my face deny,
My mind more perfect may that want supply ;
If dark my hue, Andromeda was led,
A swarthy spouse, to Perseus' bridal bed³. 40
Love's favourite birds in various pairs are seen,
And brown is match'd with white, and black with green.
Or dost thou hope, O fairest of mankind⁴ !
A bride as beauteous as thyself to find ?
If such thy thought, fond youth, no mortal charms 45
Can give a consort to thy longing arms.

The time was once, when you were wont to swear,
Forgetful boy ! that I alone was fair ;
The joys then mine remembrance yet can tell ;
The mind past pleasures recollects too well : 50
How oft when singing, eager for the bliss,
Thy lips have stopp'd my music with a kiss ;

And, breathing love, by fiercest transports fir'd,
Have snatch'd the pleasures both alike desir'd ;
In all I pleas'd, and still with love uncloy'd, 55
I pleas'd the more, as you the more enjoy'd ;
When every motion to the raptur'd sight
Reveal'd a charm, and gave a new delight ;
Till keener transports crown'd the mutual flame,
And in soft languors sunk the fainting frame. 60

Now to Sicilian nymphs you breathe your pain ;
Why lingers Sappho on the Lesbian plain ?
O, would to heav'n that there, whatever strand
My Phaon touches, were my native land !
But O beware ! Sicilian maids, restore 65
The dangerous inmate to his native shore ;
Mistrust his tales, nor let his oaths deceive
Your tender breasts ; 'tis ruin to believe ;
For ill his oaths and his false heart agree ;
His oaths, Sicilian maids, were sworn to me. 70
And thou, sweet Venus, who delight'st to reign
O'er kindling bosoms on that genial plain,

In pity tell me, must thy Sappho's woe
Admit no period, and no respite know?
Whilst yet an infant, o'er a parent's bier 75
I learnt to weep, and dropp'd the early tear ;
My brother ^s next, to furious love a prey,
Cast wealth and fame on venal charms away ;
For plunder now he restless ploughs the main,
And what his folly lost by crime would gain : 80
And, since my friendly tongue forewarn'd his fate,
My pious kindness he repays with hate.
Nor end my sorrows here ; still doom'd to bear,
An infant daughter doubles all my care :
Then thou, my last and worst—inferior ills 85
May wound the heart, 'tis true—but Phaon kills.
Behold ! no more my pliant hands entwine
My tresses now, nor golden bands confine,
Nor sweet perfumes nor odorous wreaths they know,
But all disorder'd o'er my shoulders flow : 90
My arms nor pearls nor sparkling diamonds grace,
Scorn'd is my dress, neglected is my face :

Whom should I please? or what avails it now,
With aching heart, to wear a pleasing brow?
Since he, my love! my god! my only care! 95
Far from these arms inhales another air.
Such is my soul; this warm impassioned frame
Must ever nourish some consuming flame:
Sure, at my birth, the fatal sisters gave
My life to love, and doom'd me passion's slave; 100
Or soft pursuits like mine the breast inspire,
And tune the soul in union with the lyre,
Still must I suffer, yet adore the smart;
Ye gods! how easy is a woman's heart!
Yet, sure, that heavenly form, that face divine, 105
Have power to move a harder heart than mine;
For thee Aurora might revisit earth⁶,
And burn again for one of mortal birth:
Thy brighter charms did silver Dian see,
Endymion had resign'd his place to thee⁷; 110
On Latmos' lofty heights had Phaon slept,
And slow the lingering hours of night had crept:

Venus ere this had snatch'd thee to her arms,
But fears her Mars might kindle at such charms *.
Nor man, nor boy, in love's delicious prime, 115
Use, beauteous wonder, use the golden time :
Come to this fond embrace, and panting rest
Thy heavenly limbs on this desiring breast ;
And glow like me ; or, if thou wilt not burn,
Receive the love to which you scorn return. 120
Whilst yet I write, my falling tears deface
Th' unfinish'd lines, which scarce my fingers trace.
And couldst thou go without a last adieu,
A parting word, a look, to love so true ?
'Twere kind, at least, 'twere decent, to have cried, 125
Cold as you were, " Farewell, my Lesbian bride !"
No kiss I gave, no soul-felt tears I shed,
Nor knew, unconscious, when my Phaon fled ;
At once of you, and every joy bereft,
To wretched Sappho only wrongs were left ; 130
No last regard, no parting glance you threw,
Nor heard my only charge,—“ My love, be true !”

Now by the Nine, who make my songs their care,
And Love, th' attendant of thy charms, I swear,
That then, when first the dreadful truth was told, 135
My freezing blood congeal'd with sudden cold ;
Dried were my eyes, my tongue arrested lay,
Nor words, nor tears, could find their wonted way ;
Nor beat the heart, nor pour'd the purple tide,
Nor heav'd the lungs, but sense and motion died. 140
But when returning life reviv'd to show
My matchless loss, I gave no bounds to woe,
But rav'd aloud ; with such a frenzy wild,
The frantic mother mourns her only child ;
My cruel brother stands contemptuous near, 145
And eyes my sorrows with a scornful sneer ;
Enjoys my anguish, and insults my pain ;
“ Thy daughter⁹ lives,” he cries, “ why thus complain ?”
Heedless of shame, where rage impell'd I flew,
And bar'd my bosom to the public view. 150

Phaon, my lovely care ! my thought by day,
My only dream when Night resumes her sway !

More kind than Day, her soft creative reign
In fancy brings thee to these arms again,
From climes remote, in all thy beauties bright, 155
In sweet, but transient visions of delight :
Then round your neck my eager arms I fling,
And you as fondly to my bosom cling ;
My quivering lips with fancied kisses burn ;
With equal heat those kisses you return ; 160
Fast pours the quick'ning blood, and accents low,
That speak my wishes, in soft murmurs flow ;
Till joys succeed, which shame forbids to write,
But fancy acts them all, and all delight.
But ah ! too soon, with dawning morn depart 165
Sleep from my eyes, and pleasure from my heart ;
Frantic I rise, and, as by furies torn,
With hair disorder'd, o'er the fields am borne ;
In caves and well-known grotts I seek repose,
Once scenes of joys, now witnesses of woes ; 170
The conscious caves with throbbing heart I view,
The conscious caves my flowing tears renew ;

Ah ! once how valued, to their native green !
Mygdonian marbles in my eyes were mean.
The grove, where oft our careless limbs we spread, 175
Our shade the branches, and the leaves our bed,
I view indeed, but thee I find not there,
Lord of my soul, and object of my care !
Depriv'd of thee, no beauties grace the shade,
Its laurels languish, and its myrtles fade ; 180
Too soon, alas ! the fatal cause I knew,
Grace of the groves ! those beauties fled with you.
There on the spot, where oft, to joys resign'd,
We lay, and left our forms impress'd behind,
I cast me down, where still your print appears, 185
Grow to the spot, and bathe the ground with tears :
The leafless forests seem my grief to share,
And birds are hush'd, as conscious of my care ;
Sad Progne's¹⁰ notes alone are heard complain
Of impious vengeance, and of Itys slain ; 190
With her I join, like her by anguish torn,
But she a son, and I a lover mourn.

A fount there is, whose crystal waves declare
Some watchful deity's peculiar care ;
Its arms above, a watery lotos throws 195
Wide o'er the stream, and shades it as it flows ;
The banks below are dress'd in mossy green,
And the smooth flood reflects the placid scene ;
Here as I lay, all breathless with my woes,
Before my eyes the guardian Nais rose : 200
“ Since you,” she said, “ a prey to vain desires,
“ Consume, sad nymph, with unrequited fires ;
“ That ocean seek,—this only hope remains,—
“ Where Phœbus' shrine o'erlooks Ambracian plains,
“ Leucadian rocks : hence, erst his tortur'd breast 205
“ When Pyrrha ¹¹ fir'd, Deucalion plung'd for rest ;
“ Boldly the lover headlong sought the main,
“ And rose again, delivered from his pain :
“ No breast so deep the fatal dart can feel,
“ But the fam'd waves the raging passion heal ; 210
“ Still holds the law ; the far Leucadian deep
“ Seek, wretched fair, nor fear the fatal leap.”

She said, and sunk ; but I aghast arise
With beating bosom, and with streaming eyes :
We go, ye nymphs ; we go where fate requires, 215
Strong are our fears, but stronger our desires :
We go, ye nymphs ; support me, gentle air,
And, Love, be thou to aid a lover there ;
Spread thy soft wings around, and kindly save
Thy hapless Sappho from the ruthless wave ; 220
Lest foul reproach to future times await
The guilty waters, stain'd with Sappho's fate.

There, first, the gift he scorn'd not to inspire,
To Phœbus thus I'll dedicate my lyre ;
This, Phœbus, Sappho consecrates to you, 225
For such a gift to such a god is due.

But why, O cruel author of my grief,
From distant seas must Sappho seek relief ?
A speedier aid thy kindness can insure ;
Return, bright youth, thy presence is my cure. 230
And canst thou yield me to so dire a fate ?
Can Sappho's death be caus'd by Phaon's hate ?

Must rugged rocks this tender form deface?
And raging seas succeed thy soft embrace?
Nor rocks nor seas can with that heart compare, 235
For thou wouldst ruin whom those seas may spare.
Yet this the breast which once could Phaon fire,
And once the Nine disdain'd not to inspire:
Oh! that they now would lend their wonted aid,
And teach my tongue the secret to persuade! 240
Nor art, nor fancy now my pow'rs retain,
And wilder'd reason faints beneath the pain.
No more, alas! my magic numbers flow;
My lyre is hush'd, my voice untun'd by woe.
Ye Lesbian maids, who hope the nuptial hour; 245
Ye Lesbian brides, who own the genial pow'r;
Ye Lesbian females, to my shame so long
Source of my flames, and subjects of my song,
Cease now to crowd your sad musician round;
These hands no more the chorded lyre shall sound; 250
The art which pleas'd you with my Phaon fled;
Wretch that I am, my Phaon have I said!

Would you that Sappho should resume her strain,
Restore its subject to these arms again ;
With Phaon comes my wit, with Phaon goes, 255
Ebbs in his absence, in his presence flows ;
But he nor hears my sighs, nor heeds my care,
My fruitless words the winds disperse in air ;
Those winds, if tears, if pray'rs could ought avail,
Should waft propitious his returning sail : 260
Forgetful youth ! if you again decree
These longing eyes thy lovely form to see,
Oh haste thy wish'd return ! unkind delay,
Neglectful boy, is fatal as thy stay :
Oh haste to sea ! for thee the tides shall flow, 265
For thee soft zephyrs shall spontaneous blow ;
Venus shall smooth her parent main for thee,
And Cupid guard thee o'er the swelling sea,
Shall guide thy bark, propitious to thy pray'r,—
A lover must be Love's peculiar care. 270
But if, indeed, the Fates prepare the worst,
And wretched Sappho by thy hate is curst ;

If fly thou wilt, (can heav'n thy flight decree?

Alas ! can Sappho merit flight from thee ?)

These lines, at least, my last resolves relate ; 257

Leucadia's waters shall decide my fate.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 3, line 7.

Ill suits the sounding lyre a heart in pain.

SOME writers ascribe the invention of the lyric measure, as well as of the lyre plectrum, to this Sappho; but Suidas and Ælian assert that two poetesses of this name existed; to the elder of whom, called also Erexia, they attribute the above discoveries. She flourished in the time of Alcæus, Pittacus, and Tarquinius Priscus; the other, many years posterior, was of Mitylene. It was the latter who was so desperately enamoured of Phaon, and who deserved to be called the tenth muse; and of whose poetry two highly beautiful fragments have been preserved to our time.

Note 2, page 4, line 6.

The guilty flames disgust, which charm'd before.

“ Quod suprà mulierum conditionem in amores arserit Sappho: cum non modo viros perditæ amaverit, sed aliarum quoque mu-

lierum tribas fuerit, id est, insultando eas fricaret." I have followed Pope, in omitting to translate the two dull lines enumerating these female loves of Sappho.

Note 3, page 5, line 8.

*Andromeda was led,
A swarthy spouse, to Perseus' bridal bed.*

Andromeda was the daughter of Cepheus, king of Æthiopia. It was directed by the oracle of Jupiter Ammon, that she should be exposed naked to a sea-monster, in order to appease the resentment of Neptune, who had deluged the kingdom, because her mother Cassiope had boasted that she was more beautiful than the Nereids. (The heathen gods were a very irritable race). Andromeda was accordingly bound to a rock, and would have soon proved a *bonne bouche* to the monster, had not Perseus, returning from his conquest of the Gorgons, seen and been captivated by her unshrouded charms. He gallantly delivered her from her danger, and the lady soon discovered too grateful a disposition to defraud him of his reward, which, by the by, he prudently stipulated for beforehand.

Note 4, page 5, line 11.

Or dost thou hope, O fairest of mankind?

Phaon, who was originally a boatman of Mitylene, having carried Venus, who presented herself to him in the form of an

old woman, from Lesbos to the coast of Asia, was presented by her, as a reward for his trouble, with a small box of a certain ointment, with which no sooner had he anointed himself, than he became the most beautiful man of his age.

Note 5, page 7, line 5.

My brother, next, to furious love a prey.

Charaxus, the brother of Sappho, fell desperately in love with the courtesan Rhodope, on whom he squandered all his possessions, and was reduced to support himself by piracy.

Note 6, page 8, line 15.

For thee Aurora might revisit earth.

Aurora was by no means the least condescending of those tender-hearted personages, the goddesses of the Greek poets. She visited the woods of Hymettus for Cephalus, and carried off Tithonus into heaven.

Note 7, page 8, line 18.

Thy brighter charms did silver Dian see.

The writers who hold that Diana was the goddess of chastity, certainly belie her character. If I mistake not, this virgin goddess was the mother of a large family: Endymion, Pan, and

Orion, were among her favourites. Perhaps, however, she patronised chastity, as many modern Mæcenases learning—that is, without possessing much herself.

Note 8, page 9, line 2.

*Venus ere this had snatch'd thee to her arms,
But fears her Mars might kindle at such charms.*

I have not given the precise sense of the original here for a very obvious reason.

Note 9, page 10, line 16.

Thy daughter lives, he cries, why thus complain?

I am ignorant who was the father of this daughter of Sappho.

Note 10, page 12, line 17.

Sad Progne's notes alone are heard complain.

With the true spirit of the author, in his *Metamorphoses*, Pope here converts the swallow into a nightingale.

Note 11, page 13, line 14.

*Hence, erst his tortur'd breast
When Pyrrha fir'd, Deucalion plung'd for rest.*

I know of no other author who mentions this leap of Deucalion—that Noah of the Greeks. He was the son of Prometheus,

and married Pyrrha, who was the daughter of Epimetheus. In his age, the impiety of mankind having exhausted the forbearance of Jupiter, he determined on the destruction of the whole race; and for this purpose laid the earth under water. Deucalion saved himself, with his wife, by building a ship; in which, having been cast about at the mercy of the winds and waves for nine days, he at last landed on Mount Parnassus. Deucalion and Pyrrha now finding themselves alone in the world, consulted the oracle of Themis, respecting some method of speedily re-peopling the globe. They were commanded to throw behind them the bones of their grandmother; by which, understanding the stones of the earth, they proceeded to do as directed. The stones thrown by Deucalion became men, those by Pyrrha, women. Pausanias tells us, that the waters of Deucalion's deluge returned into the earth, through a small hole in Attica, which he asserts that he saw. Ovid says nothing of Deucalion's vessel; but relates, that he saved himself by ascending to the top of Parnassus. Hyginus changes the scene to Mount Ætna in Sicily.

PARIS TO HELEN.

THE ARGUMENT.

Whilst Hecuba, the wife of Priam, was pregnant, she dreamt that she was delivered of a flaming torch, which set on fire the whole city of Troy.—Priam alarmed, consulted the Oracle on the occasion, and received for answer, that Hecuba should bear a son, who should prove the destruction of his country. To avoid the danger which threatened, Priam ordered the infant to be put to death as soon as born: but Hecuba, moved by maternal affection, privately sent the child to the shepherds of Mount Ida. When Paris, or, as he was afterwards called, Alexander, arrived at manhood, his beauty captivated the nymph C none, whom he married. Not long after this occurred the contest of Juno, Minerva, and Venus, for the prize of beauty—on account of the golden apple, on which the goddess of discord had inscribed, *detur pulchriori*, or, “let it be given to the fairest.” The gods, unwilling to decide in so delicate a controversy, referred the decision to the judgment of Paris. The rivals accordingly appeared to him naked on Mount Ida: Juno offered him a crown as a recompense for his awarding her the prize. Minerva proposed military glory, but Venus promised the most beautiful woman of the age, and obtained the apple. After this, being discovered, and acknowledged by his father, he was sent on an embassy to Greece, in order to obtain, as some say, the restitution of his aunt Hesione, who had been carried off by Hercules, and given by him in marriage to his friend Telamon. At Sparta, Paris was honourably received by Menelaus, and became desperately enamoured of Helen his wife. Menelaus being called to Crete on affairs of importance, Paris is here supposed to avail himself of the opportunity afforded by his absence to declare his passion for Helen. This epistle contains every persuasion likely to operate upon a female mind. The violence of his own passion, and the splendour of her beauty, are forcibly depicted; he offers her the riches of the richest country then known, promises her the admiration of the world, and concludes by endeavouring to excite contempt for her husband, and entreating her to accompany him to Troy.

PARIS TO HELEN.

THE health I send, in kind return bestow,
Or you denying, I can never know ;
Now would I, first, my soul's distraction name,
If words were wanting to declare my flame ;
But why relate what never was conceal'd ? 5
Or own a fact which has itself reveal'd ?
I had not lov'd, o'er love could art avail,
Nor dar'd to sue where I could fear to fail :
But fierce as rising flames, no less desire
Itself betrays, than native light the fire : 10
Speak if I must, and language must unfold
The truth my actions have already told ;
If I must name the pangs for thee I prove,
One word can speak them, and that word is—love.

With love I rage—so slight a sound contains 15
My fondest wishes, and my fiercest pains :
For mercy, read ;—if crime my passion be—
Be just—and blame thy charms—but pity me ;
Nor, reading, frown—let wonted smiles adorn
That face, which better love becomes than scorn : 20
Now may I dare to hope, nor need I fear,
If yet you read—you read with looks severe ;
Can she, who deigns in pity to peruse
A lover's plaint, a lover's suit refuse ?
Be just, ye gods ! nor give me to complain 25
Of trust betray'd, and heav'n believ'd in vain :
For know,—nor err unconscious of the crime,—
By heav'n's command I left my native clime.
A good, by Venus promis'd, I pursue,
And great her promise ; but, though great my due, 30
In charms the giver and the gift agree,
For, source of all my hopes—she promis'd thee !
Secur'd by her, I cross'd the swelling tide,
At once my cause of going, and my guide :

Calm, at her word, obedient Ocean flows, 35
For still she rules the waves from whence she rose.
So may she hear me, and, with equal ease,
The stormy main, and stormy soul appease !
'Tis hers the waves to lull, to soothe the mind, .
And give my vows the port desir'd to find. 40
I burn, 'tis true, but found not here the flame ;
From distant realms, already lost, I came ;
Nor tempests me, nor casual error bore
A guest reluctant to this happy shore ;
Nor came I here your cities to behold, 45
Nor meanly led by sordid lust for gold ;
Far richer towns our Phrygian realms adorn ;
Nor need I wealth, to wide dominion born :
Hither I came, for ever in my view
Your fancied form—and came for only you ; 50
Thee beauteous Venus promis'd to my arms,
And thee I lov'd, ere witness of thy charms ;
Ere yet my eyes thy wond'rous beauties knew,
My raptur'd soul a thousand visions drew ;

So great thy power, ere seen, thy very name 55
Could fire my bosom, and my blood inflame :
So, from some certain hand, the fatal dart
Is aim'd from far, and fix'd within the heart.
So fate has will'd ; and lest you strive with fate,
Attend, fair nymph ! the truth my words relate. 60
My mother now, the wonted time delay'd,
Invok'd in vain divine Lucina's aid ;
And dreamt, as rapt in visions she repos'd,
Her bursting womb a flaming torch disclos'd ;
Amaz'd she rose, and yet with horror cold, 65
The seeming portent to my father told ;
Hence doting sages warn'd my easy sire,
That Troy should burn—and Paris be the fire ;
A fire indeed, which nothing can conceal,
The vision spoke—the fire which now I feel. 70
For this, obscure, my earlier days were led
In savage woods, a humble shepherd bred ;
Yet there, the native greatness of my mind
Burst out, and mark'd me of no vulgar kind ;

A gloomy shade midst Ida's valleys lies, 75
Where darker firs, and broader oaks arise;
There, nor their flocks the mountain-shepherds lead,
Nor there their goats nor lab'ring oxen feed;
Hence, as my eyes the various scene survey,
Where, stretch'd below, seas, shores, and cities lay; 80
(Scarce can I hope belief)—beneath my feet
A sudden tremor shook the sylvan seat.
May heav'n permit to speak—nor now decree
A crime to tell what it allow'd to see!
For there, these eyes, resplendent in his hand 85
His glittering wand, saw Maia's offspring stand,
With wings that wav'd, and by his side were seen
Minerva, Juno, and the Cyprian queen;
These when I saw, the blood my face forsook,
And all my frame with rooted horror shook; 90
When thus, with smiles, the god—"Dismiss thy fear,
"And know, no mean occasion sent me here;
"'Tis thine, to end the contests of the skies,
"And say, of these, whose charms deserve the prize:

“ Decide the strife; ’tis Jove’s commands I bear.” 95

He said, and instant vanish’d into air.

At this my soul grew strong, my horror past,

And to the task my wond’ring eyes I cast :

Grac’d with such charms was every form divine,

The doubtful palm scarce judgment could assign; 100

So beauteous each, perplex’d I saw with pain,

That all deserv’d, what only one could gain ;

Yet was there one, who most my bosom sway’d,

To whom my soul sincerer homage paid ;

Her would you know—requires it to declare 105

The bright inspirer of my present care?—

Nor bribes were wanting to support their claim ;

Saturnia kingdoms, Pallas offer’d fame ;

In doubt I stood, till heav’nly Venus broke

The short suspense, and thus, resistless, spoke :— 110

“ Such dangerous gifts reject—fond Paris, cease

“ To covet honours, where the price is peace :

“ Our gift, nor toils attend, nor cares annoy,

“ Source of soft pleasures, and perpetual joy ;

“ Be mine the prize ; and, blushing to thy bed, 115

“ Fair Leda’s fairer daughter shall be led.”

She said, and victor with the prize withdrew,

Won by her gift, and to her beauty due.

Now, fate for evils past propitious grown,

The latent secret of my birth is known ; 120

And Troy, rejoicing honours due to pay,

With festal splendors celebrates the day :

As I for thee, so Phrygia’s fairest dames

For me all languish’d, and with equal flames ;

’Tis yours the vows of many to retain 125

In pleasing bonds, and undisputed reign :

Nor these alone ; e’en nymphs divine have sued,

And conscious Ida mutual pleasures view’d ;

But hopes of thee, since first my soul possest,

That hope alone has banish’d all the rest ; 130

For, waking, fancy brought thee to my eyes,

And dreams again, when day forsook the skies :

What must thy presence ? when thy very name

At such a distance caus’d so fierce a flame.

And now, no longer able to endure 135
The growing pain, I sought the promis'd cure :
For this, our Phrygian groves were hewn away,
And Ida's shades were conscious of the day ;
Whilst lofty forests, late the mountain's pride,
Unseated, trembled on the flowing tide. 140
The masts we raise, extend the lofty yard,
And painted gods the finish'd vessels guard ;
Cause of my voyage, love's propitious queen
And quiver'd Cupid on my own were seen.
Now all complete, and ready to unbind 145
The swelling canvas to the fav'ring wind,
My mother urg'd with frantic pray'rs my stay,
And weeping sire forbad the destin'd way ;
But, chief, Cassandra, heaving in her breast',
The wonted fury, thus its voice exprest: 150
" Stay, frantic youth ; you headlong rush on fate,
" Nor know what evils your return await ;
" By angry gods this purpose is decreed ;
" To raging flames these fatal waters lead."—

True were her words,—and found the promis'd fires, 155
The prescient rage but meant my fierce desires.
Unmov'd by all, before the driving wind
My sails I spread, and left their plaints behind ;
Here, when arriv'd, so heav'n his bosom sway'd,
Your easy husband genial honours paid ; 160
Blind as he was, our coming hail'd, nor thought
How little Sparta for itself I sought ;
All objects else with unconcern I view,
Who languish'd, madd'ning, for the sight of you :
But oh ! when first these eyes thy beauties blest, 165
The crimson torrent kindled in my breast :
Confus'd I stood, my soul the sense forsook,
And all my frame with fix'd emotion shook :
With such a form—her every grace the same—
Bright Cytherea to her triumph came : 170
Then, hadst thou shone among the rival three,
Not Venus could have borne the palm from thee.
Earth's farthest regions celebrate thy name :
The bounded globe alone can bound thy fame ;

Unequal task ! by words such charms to paint ; 175
Description fails, and eloquence is faint ;
More than e'er glowing fancy fram'd, I find,
The wond'rous truth has left report behind ;
Whilst time endures, the sun shall never shine
On beauties worthy to be rank'd with thine. 180
For this, when Theseus sought a bride to find,
He fix'd on thee, as fairest of thy kind ;
E'en to thy country's sports he forc'd his way ;
There urg'd his claim, and made thee there his prey :
So great a prize deserv'd so great a deed : 185
Fool that he was, a good so gain'd, to cede ;
So—hadst thou been from my embraces borne !
Alive—and seen thee from my bosom torn !—
No !—ere these abject hands their prize restor'd,
My heart's warm blood had dy'd the reeking sword : 190
But grant 'twere so, these arms had first been blest
With love's soft dues, nor lost thee unpossess :
That prize, compell'd reluctant to resign,—
The joys which haste could snatch, had yet been mine.

Oh ! could you all my pains, my passion know,— 195
The tides of love and life together flow :
For love can only pass when life is past ;
My present flames shall perish with my last.
When erst on Ide the palm of charms divine
These eyes adjudg'd, the glorious prize was thine ; 200
Thee—when I fear'd the greater good to lose,
My beating heart could offer'd crowns refuse ;
When thy bright image o'er my fancy came,
My soul disdain'd so mean a gift as fame :
And still with rapture hails the first decree, 205
For what are crowns or fame compar'd to thee ?
Nor worthy only to be thus preferr'd,
But cheaply earn'd through perils yet unheard :
Then, oh ! do thou my anxious hopes sustain,
Nor be, though less than due, my merits vain. 210
Nor came I here by hopes presumptuous led,
A needy wretch, unworthy of thy bed :
From Jove I spring ; on Asia's wealthy plain
Extended regions own my father's reign ;

Unnumber'd towns his wide dominions hold ; 215
With glittering streets, and temples roof'd with gold :
'There, glorious labour of Apollo's lyre³,
Immortal task ! our Ilian walls aspire :
How oft, when gazing on the splendid scene,
Yourself shall own your native Sparta mean ; 220
Not that for this, your Spartan shores I scorn,
For blest that region which such charms adorn ;
But you, like heav'n itself, should be ador'd,
And subject earth its richest gifts afford ;
And, 'midst inferior beauties, proudly shine, 225
In dress as splendid, as in charms divine ;
Though blest the spot which gave such beauty birth,
Thy native realms are narrow for thy worth ;
All aids of dress our Phrygian matrons know ;
Phrygia, whose youths in gaudy purple glow : 230
Then, living wonder of the Spartan name !
Let Phrygian love some touch of pity claim ;
A Phrygian he, of our illustrious line⁴,
Who pours at heav'nly feasts immortal wine ;

A Phrygian, too, divine Aurora's love ⁵ 235
From Ida's valleys snatch'd to heav'n above :
Bright Venus next, inflam'd by Phrygian charms,
Descending, languish'd in Anchises' arms ⁶.
Nor think I, e'en were the decision thine,
Your husband's merits can compare with mine ; 240
From us, the sun ne'er veil'd his radiant head ⁷,
Nor from my father's feasts with horror fled :
My grandsire reek'd not with a parent's blood,
Nor names with slaughter the Myrtoan flood ⁸ ;
No ancestor of mine for crimes is curst, 245
Midst flowing streams to rave with fatal thirst ⁹ :
He strives, vain hope, by thy descent divine,
To cast a splendour on so base a line ;
He—gods ! a wretch unworthy of such charms,
Whole nights can press thee in his hated arms ; 250
He melts in bliss, and riots in delight ;
I scarce at table gain a moment's sight :
E'en then my eyes 'twere wiser to refrain,
The view but serves to aggravate my pain ;

Oh ! may such pangs as then my bosom knows, 255
Attend the table of my worst of foes !
Oft as his hands thy ivory neck have prest,
A flood of fire has kindled in my breast :
All pale with rage, confus'd I then appear,
And curse the cruel fate which sent me here ; 260
But when thy lips he touch'd—his every kiss
To me was poison—as to him 'twas bliss ;
Before my eyes the lifted bowl I threw,
Then cast it down again—for hiding you :
When o'er thy form his eager arms have hung, 265
Th' untasted food has to my palate clung ;
Oft groans have spoke the pain I could not hide,
And you as oft with scornful smiles replied ;
Oft, when I strove in wine to quench desire,
I found that wine was adding flame to fire ; 270
Oft as my aching eyes the sight refrain,
To thee, unconscious, they revert again :
'Tis death, 'tis madness, such a curse to view,
But worse than both to keep my eyes from you ; 275

Conscious of danger near, I strive in vain 275
Within the lab'ring passion to restrain ;
For, spite of art, the fierce emotions rise,
And burst more furious through the thin disguise :
Nor need I speak, since every pang you see ;
Oh ! would that they were known to only thee : 280
Oft have I turn'd my weeping eyes away,
Lest tears the secret to your lord betray ;
How oft when copious draughts have made me bold,
My feigning tongue has many a love-tale told ;
Thine were the charms which then my words exprest, 285
And fancied names my own soft suit address ;
Ourselves I drew—to us those tales apply ;—
That fair wert thou, that faithful lover, I.
Then wine I feign, my freedom to excuse,
And softer words, and warmer language use ; 290
Once, from your breast your loosen'd garment fell,
And falling bar'd to view your bosom's swell ;
Ye gods ! what charms ! nor milk, nor purer snow,
Nor downy swans such wond'rous whiteness know ;

Whilst, all confus'd, I gaz'd with vacant look, 295
The falling bowl my failing hand forsook.
Oft, when your child your fond embrace has known,
I press her lips just recent from your own ;
At times reclin'd, of pleasures past I sing,
And speaking signs, and meaning glances fling : 300
Oft have I tried with pray'rs and bribes, in vain,
Some kind attendant of your suit to gain ;
But they all hope forbid, all aid deny,
And in the midst of my entreaties fly.
Oh ! would the gods some dangerous strife ordain, 305
Some labour worthy such a prize to gain ;
As he who dar'd, succeeding to the place
Of perish'd lovers, try the fatal race ¹⁰ ;
Nor shunn'd the stern conditions of the strife,
But chose with joy for love to hazard life. 310
So Pelops, too, the fear of death defied,
And won, through equal risks, his beauteous bride.
So, when his arm the baffled river fled,
His prize in triumph fierce Alcides led ¹¹.

Then, had you all my fond devotion known, 315
And love and merit had at once been shown ;
Now, nought remains, but, suppliant, to entreat
And prostrate press thy knees, and kiss thy feet
Oh ! form'd all hearts resistless to engage,
Grace of thy line, and glory of thy age ; 320
Wert thou not sprung from Jove, e'en Jove might sue
To charms like thine, and leave his heav'n for you ;
Or blest with thee, I hail my native plain,
Or Spartan earth my ashes shall contain :
No trivial wound has slightly touch'd my heart, 325
My scorching entrails feel the raging dart :
True was the doom inspir'd Cassandra sung ;
The threaten'd arrow has my bosom stung.
Already shown, the will of heav'n is plain,
Then cease to strive, where human strife is vain ; 330
Receive, obedient, love by fate design'd,
So shall success thy fondest wishes find :
More could I say, but what remains untold,
The tongue can better than the pen unfold :

From every doubt your anxious mind to free, 335
This night, fair Helen, share thy couch with me ;
Blush you at this ? and fondly fear to wrong
The doting wretch to whom those joys belong ?
Ah, silly Helen ! hop'st thou to unite
A soul unfeeling with a form so bright ? 340
Or change that face, or be as fate design'd ;
For heav'n, which made thee fair, has made thee kind ;
Virtue and beauty seldom can agree,
And rare those charms which are from folly free ;
Who move not love, may be at pleasure chaste, 345
But nature thee with choicer gifts has grac'd :
Then, be its boon, as heav'n design'd, employ'd,
And use those beauties made to be enjoy'd.
If crime it be, such crimes the thund'rer please,
And Venus joys in venial faults like these ; 350
Had cold Diana been observ'd alone,
The wond'ring world had ne'er thy beauties known ;
If ought of nature in descent revive,
Vain hopes you nourish, if with love you strive ;

What, warm in youth ! with matchless beauty grac'd ! 355

And sprung from Leda, and from Jove, yet chaste !

When mine you are, be then from error free ;

In Troy be chaste, or sin alone with me ;

But now bright Venus prompts us to the crime,

And laughing bids us use the golden time ; 360

Your lord, as conscious of my love, withdraws,

And pleads by deeds, if not by words, my cause :

Was this his only time to visit Crete ?

Such fools are proper objects of deceit.

“ Do you,” he said, as thy fair hand he prest, 365

“ For me, be mindful of our Trojan guest.”

But you, oh heaven ! nor his commands obey,

Nor any care, nor any kindness pay ;

Oh ! can you dream that such a wretch as he

Knows the bright prize he holds, in holding thee ? 370

He heeds thee not, nor deems thee worth his care,

Who with a stranger trusts a form so fair :

E'en if in vain these obvious facts appeal,

And vain be all I say, and all I feel,

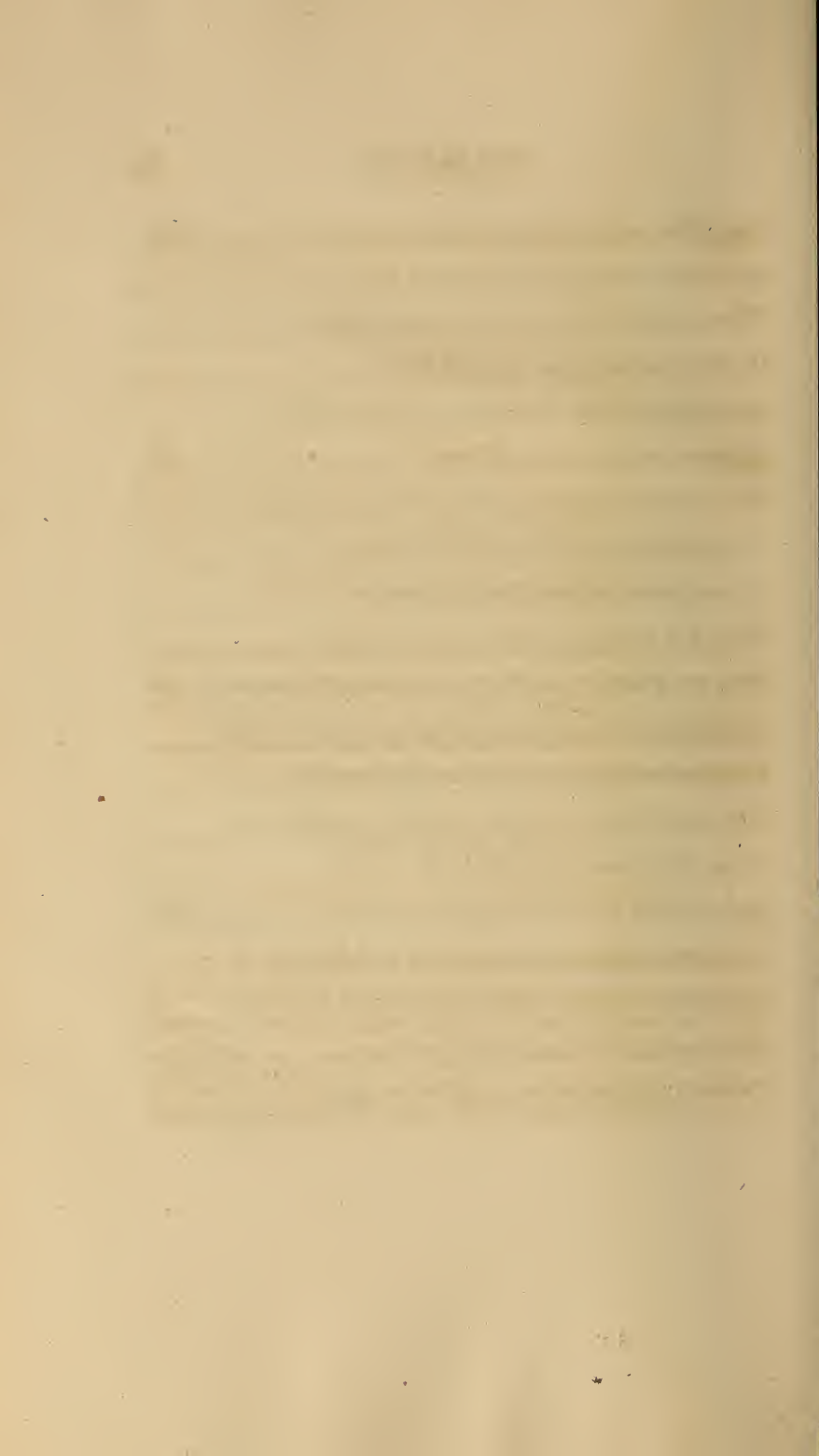
Though love or pity dwell not in thy breast, 375
Or I my passion never had exprest,
He, senseless fool, would force us to unite,
And use occasion in our own despite :
Ourselves alone such folly can excuse,
'Twere worse—that folly if we fail'd to use. 380
Whole nights for thee a widow'd couch remains ;
Me, too, unblest, a widow'd couch contains ;
Those lonely hours with me, bright Helen, share,
And glowing noon shall not with night compare ;
Then shall my vows eternal union plight, 385
And heav'n be witness of the nuptial rite ;
Then shall at last your tender soul incline
To share my flight, and be for ever mine :
Nor fear reproach,—be only mine the blame,—
And yours, at once, your pleasure and your fame : 390
Nor is example wanting ; 'tis no more
Than Theseus, and your brothers did before ;
Thee, Theseus stole,—Leucippus' daughters, they
Rapt from their consorts, on their bridal day ¹².

Us'd to the ocean, and equipp'd for fight, 395
Our ships lie ready for immediate flight :
When Phrygian realms thy matchless charms survey,
Mistaking crowds shall adoration pay ;
Shall deem some beauty of celestial birth
Has left her native heav'n, to visit earth ; 400
Where'er you turn, rich gums shall smoke around,
And bleeding victims stain the purpled ground ;
With gifts, all Ilion shall your coming greet,
And nations pour their treasures at your feet :
The tongue attempts in vain the whole to tell ; 405
Yourself shall own that facts report excel.

Nor fear, that Greece in vengeance shall unite,
And raging war pursue our short delight ;
Dismiss so vain a terror from your thought ;
No flying woman e'er by arms was sought : 410
From Athens, unreveng'd, his daughter torn,
Her weeping sisters saw Erectheus mourn¹³ ;
From war secure, Thessalian Jason bore¹⁴
Th' enamour'd princess from the Colchian shore ;

First taught, by Cretan charms in rape to dare, 415
Thy Theseus stole before the Gnossian pair ¹⁵;
With one, secure, he gain'd his native seat,
Nor fear'd the injur'd sire, nor angry Crete.
At new events the mind is timid still,
And apprehension doubles every ill; 420
The distant danger which so great appear'd,
We blush, when present, ever to have fear'd.
But grant, in arms arise the Grecian line,
Weapons I have, and war's whole art is mine;
Nor Asian realms in force to Argos yield, 425
Nor arm less numbers for the martial field;
There, ardent youths to fight exulting throng,
And fiery coursers for the battle long;
And there, Atrides, to his cost, shall know
The happier lover no inglorious foe. 430
A name I gain'd, my limbs ere manhood nerv'd,
For slaughter'd foes, and Ida's flocks preserv'd;
The listed plain my early valour crown'd,
And vanquish'd crowds, amaz'd, my prowess found:

Nor praise, alone, for open force I claim ; 435
My certain arrow finds its destin'd aim.
What deed of Atreus' son does fame impart ?
Or when can he attain my fatal art ?
But grant he may, can Greece a Hector claim ?
A hero—armies in a single name. 440
Nor think that heav'n has destin'd to your arms,
A wretch unable to defend those charms ;
If war pursue us from the Grecian race,
War, if it come, but comes to their disgrace.
Not, but I think your charms were cheaply bought, 445
Though earn'd by perils, and through horrors sought.
Could arms deserve thee, for so bright a prize
The madd'ning world with one consent might rise ;
Then, if thy beauties kindled such a flame,
The dreadful strife were thy eternal fame. 450
Then trust to fate,—give terror to the wind,—
And hence to Troy,—whilst yet the gods are kind :
There, every joy that fortune can design,
Or love's delights bestow, shall all be thine.



NOTES.

Note 1, page 34, line 15.

But, chief, Cassandra, heaving in her breast.

CASSANDRA was beloved by Apollo, whose passion she promised to gratify, on condition of his bestowing on her the gift of prophecy; but having obtained it, she unreasonably refused to fulfil the terms of her agreement, on which the disappointed god condemned her predictions never to meet with belief.

Note 2, page 36, line 7.

For this, when Theseus sought a bride to find.

So early celebrated was the beauty of Helen, that at the age of nine years she was carried off by Theseus, and by him placed under his mother's care, until she should arrive at maturity. His hopes were, however, frustrated; she was recovered by her brothers, who retaliated on Theseus, by taking Æthra his mother at the same time. Ovid, indeed, says she was restored

by Theseus ; but the above account seems the more probable, from the captivity of Æthra.

Note 3, page 38, line 3.

There, glorious labour of Apollo's lyre.

The walls of Troy were built by the joint labour of Neptune and Apollo, who were employed by Laomedon for that purpose ; he, being ignorant of their quality, refused them their stipulated reward, which caused the first capture of Troy by Hercules.

Note 4, page 38, line 19.

A Phrygian he, of our illustrious line.

Ganymede, who, on account of his beauty, was, on the dismissal of Hebe from that office, made cup-bearer to the gods.

Note 5, page 39, line 1.

A Phrygian, too, divine Aurora's love.

Tithonus, the father of Memnon by Aurora : the gift of immortality bestowed on him by the enamoured goddess, became the most dreadful of misfortunes ; she having forgot to add the advantages of perpetual youth. He was transformed into a grasshopper.

Note 6, page 39, line 4.

Descending, languish'd in Anchises' arms.

Æneas was the fruit of their loves: the goddess had strictly charged Anchises to be content with his good fortune, without divulging it; in a moment of unguarded festivity, his vanity got the better of his discretion; for which Jupiter struck him with lightning: he, however, in a mutilated and decrepid state, survived his disaster many years.

Note 7, page 39, line 7.

From us, the sun ne'er veil'd his radiant head.

Atreus, the father, or, according to some, the grandfather of Menelaus, having discovered the incestuous loves of his brother Thyestes, and his wife Europa, served up the fruit of their shameful passion, to the father, at a banquet. In horror of which impious act, the sun is said to have turned back on his course through the heavens.

Note 8, page 39, lines 9 and 10.

*My grandsire reek'd not with a parent's blood,
Nor names with slaughter the Myrtoan flood.*

Ænomaus, king of Elis, having been warned by the oracle that his death should be occasioned by his son-in-law, refused

to give his daughter Hippodamia to any one, who should not overcome him in a chariot-race; death being the immediate consequence of a defeat. After the failure of many others, Pelops, the father of Atreus, succeeded by bribing Myrtilus, the charioteer of Œnomaus, who caused his master's chariot to break down in the middle of the course; the fall cost Œnomaus his life. The treacherous servant claiming as a reward no less than the first possession of the fair prize, was, by the indignant lover, thrown into the sea, to which he gave his name.

Note 9, page 39, line 12.

Midst flowing streams to rave with fatal thirst.

Tantalus, king of Phrygia, who, to ascertain the divinity of the gods, who on some occasion became his guests, humanely and paternally slaughtered, and dished up his son Pelops to them at table. Ceres proved the only cannibal amongst them; not having recovered her affliction for the loss of her daughter Proserpine, she was hungry, and inattentive enough to devour one of the shoulders; which, on the restoration of the young gentleman to life, she replaced with one of ivory. Tantalus was for his crime condemned in the infernal regions to suffer the pains of perpetual hunger and thirst; whilst he continually snatched at fruits, which hung near him, but which as constantly eluded his grasp.

Note 10, page 42, line 14.

Of perish'd lovers, try the fatal race.

Hippomenes, who, on like conditions with Pelops, overcame Atalanta, the daughter of Schoeneus, in a foot race, by the means of three golden apples, given him by Venus for that purpose; which, thrown before the fair runner at three different times during the course, thrice led her astray after them, and lost her the race.

Note 11, page 42, line last.

His prize in triumph fierce Alcides led.

Deianira, the daughter of Æneus, king of Ætolia. Hercules won her after a sharp contest with the river god Achelous.

Note 12, page 46, lines 19 and 20.

*Leucippus' daughters, they
Rapt from their consorts, on their bridal day.*

Castor and Pollux carried off the daughters of Leucippus on the day of their marriage: the enraged husbands pursued; one of them was slain by Castor, but Pollux fell by the hand of the other. Ovid here appears guilty of an anachronism; nineteen years after this epistle is here supposed to have been sent, Homer represents Helen as surprised at not seeing her brothers

in the field against Troy: the death of Pollux, and the alternate residence of each of the brothers in heaven, and in the infernal regions, in other words, their decease, followed immediately the rape of the Leucippides, which, from the ignorance of Helen concerning their fate, must have taken place after her departure for Troy.

Note 13, page 47, line 18.

Her weeping sisters saw Erectheus mourn.

Orithyia, daughter of Erectheus, king of Athens, was carried off by Boreas into Thrace, where she became the mother of Zetus and Calais.

Note 14, page 47, line 19.

From war secure, Thessalian Jason bore.

Jason, the chief of the Argonauts, had the address to win the affections of Medea, the daughter of Æetes, king of Colchos; and to persuade her to accompany him to Greece. He afterwards deserted her in favour of Creusa. Her letter on the occasion forms one of the author's epistles.

Note 15, page 48, line 2.

Thy Theseus stole before the Gnossian pair.

Vide epistle of Ariadne to Theseus.

HELEN TO PARIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having received the letter of Paris, replies, at first, as greatly offended by the boldness of his proposals, but pretends to make allowances for the extravagance of his love; of which she then proceeds to doubt the sincerity; till, at length, she gradually affects to be drawn into the confession of a mutual passion: still, occasionally, interspersing fears of his falsehood, and for her own reputation.

None of the epistles discover so much female art as the following. The transition from reproach to the acknowledgment of love, though highly beautiful, may appear too abrupt; and the artfulness of the writer too obvious to be contained in one letter: the division of the epistle into two, would remedy this defect without diminishing the elegance of the whole.

HELEN TO PARIS.

THE loose affront I read so late, with shame¹,
To pass in silence, were to share the blame.
Licentious youth ! can neither human law,
Nor rites divine, that harden'd bosom awe ?
Was it for this, by wint'ry tempests beat, 5
Our sheltering ports preserv'd your shatter'd fleet ?
For this, an alien honour'd and caress'd,
Our opening gates receiv'd thee as a guest ?
Does this reward our ready friendship meet ?
And thus, is kindness answer'd by deceit ? 10
No casual guest were you, your actions show—
The stranger's semblance hid the purpos'd foe :
But why thus waste I words ? I long, in vain,
Of faith, or honour, might to you complain ;

With cool contempt at such reproach you smile, 15
And scorn deserv'd, simplicity will style :
Simple, indeed, and ignorant in ill,
The sense of honour shall control me still :
May heav'n decree, that, unapproach'd by shame,
I live no longer than I live with fame. 20
What !—if, as yet, thy perfidy unknown,
My guileless heart no mark'd dislike has shown,
My looser thoughts no feign'd reserve conceals,
And smiles confess the ease my bosom feels ;
Yet clear my fame, nor can remembrance speak 25
One guilty tale to redden in my cheek.
Much I admire how hopes so vain begun,
Or what could whisper, that I might be won.
Was it, before, that Theseus force applied,
And tore me, trembling, from my mother's side ? 30
Canst thou so basely wish recording time
Should rank thee meanly second in a crime ?
Mine were the guilt, had Theseus borne away,
Young as I was, an unreluctant prey² :

But heav'n can witness of the deed, alone— 35
The shameless wrong to suffer, was my own.
Nor gain'd the chief his aim, nor forceful led
Me half distracted to his hated bed :
As fierce we strove, by different passions fir'd,
By terror I, and he by love inspir'd ; 40
Rude force, whilst struggling in his strong embrace,
Might print some kisses on my glowing face :
If more I fear'd indeed, my fears were vain,
Untouch'd he gave me to my sire again :
Not you such pity to my youth had shown, 45
Not you with kisses been content alone.
His quick repentance half excus'd the deed ;
Did Theseus yield, that Paris might succeed ?
'Tis hard, a name so pure as mine must fill
The mouth of scandal, and be blazon'd still. 50
Not that your flame my soul to anger moves ;
What female heart can hate the man who loves ?
But small the credit which your oaths receive ;
Men will betray—if women will believe ;

Not that I doubt my power, or fear my face, 55
But that I know you of a treacherous race ;
For nature cast us in an easy mould,
Too quick to credit the soft tale when told ;
Born but to yield, the tender plaint of love
Our simple bosoms seldom fails to move : 60
A faith too ready ruins half my kind,
Who trust to oaths as changeful as the wind.
But others sin ; how rare a spotless name !
How frail though fair a flower, a woman's fame !
Sun-bright it blooms, but may I ne'er forget 65
Its light once clouded is for ever set ;
Once rudely touch'd, its former fragrance fled,
The flow'ret lifts no more its drooping head.
By swift Eurotas' conscious stream, 'tis true,
The joys of furtive love my mother knew³, 70
But she, deceiv'd, in error sinn'd, and well
Might fall, who knew not, till too late, she fell :
A swan's white form the treacherous god conceal'd,
And stole the pleasures she had scorn'd to yield.

But if I meanly bow my soul to shame, 75
The guilt is justly mine, and mine the blame ;
The naked crime divulg'd before me lies,
And if I sin, I sin with open eyes.
But Jove himself redeems my mother's fall,—
Who err'd so nobly, scarcely err'd at all. 80
Vaunt as you may, the glories of your line
No added honour can confer on mine ;
Pelops and Tantalus our lineage grace,
And Sparta's monarchs, an illustrious race ;
Jove Leda made my sire, when to her breast, 85
Of harm unconscious, a false swan she prest.
Now boast again the source from which you spring,
And fifth descent from heav'n's immortal king.
Homage to Troy if subject nations pay,
Wide are the realms which own our Spartan sway ; 90
But grant your numbers and your riches more,
Yours is, at best, but a barbaric shore.
For heav'nly breasts had mortal proffers charms,
Your gifts might win a goddess to your arms.

But know, could you engage my serious thought, 95
I may be won, but never can be bought;
Base is that female soul which gifts can move,
Or meanly seeks return for love—but love.
No; death shall find me still to honour true;
Or if I yield—I only yield to you. 100
Not that by me your presents are despis'd,
For gifts are precious, where the giver's priz'd:
But when I run your various labours o'er,
And dangerous journey from a distant shore,
And know, for me those dangers you withstood, 105
For me you brav'd the winds, and cross'd the flood,
My melting bosom owns a grateful care,
And half consents so true a flame to share.
Nor did your letter first the truth impart,
I read before the language of your heart; 110
I strove, indeed, my knowledge to disguise,
But saw the soft confession in your eyes;
Now bright in hope, now kindling into fire,
Now soft in prayer, now swimming in desire,

Fix'd on my face, with bold unblushing stare, 115
As if for ever you could keep them there.
Now if by chance the offer'd wine I taste,
With eager hands you seize the bowl in haste;
Drain the long draught, and with transported zest,
Press with your lips the part which mine have prest: 120
Then sigh, as if within your spirits die,
And the faint soul was issuing with the sigh.
How oft abash'd I've mark'd, with blushing cheek,
What now your eyes, and now your motions speak;
How often trembl'd, lest my lord should see 125
Those signs—ah! too well understood by me:
Sighing, I've said, “sure shame he never knew,”
Nor waited long to find my words were true.
At table first, I've mark'd you spill the wine,
And letters, then, as lost in thought, design; 130
Oft, “beauteous Helen,” have I trac'd above
And underneath my name, those words “I love.”
Frowns here have shown I disbeliev'd your flame;
Alas! I soon have learn'd to write the same.

Oh! could I part the pleasure from the sin, 135
Such arts too surely would my bosom win.
That you have charms, and that they please too well,
These burning blushes to my cost can tell;
Far less might move a harder heart than mine,
And where, indeed, can charms be found like thine? 140
So fair a form the proudest soul might tame,
And fan the coldest virtue into flame:
Not hard, in woman's breast to raise desires,
And what when rais'd, so fierce as woman's fires?
But grant that I believe your passion true, 145
And grant that I can love thee, grant I do;
Still, what avails it, that alike we glow
With mutual warmth, and mutual wishes know?
If without help we sharpest pangs endure,
And writhe with wounds we cannot hope to cure. 150
Ere yet too deep is fix'd the fiery dart,
To other charms resign thy willing heart;
Since justly thine I must not, cannot be,
On them, bestow the love so lost on me.

Be taught by my example to refrain ; 155
Where passion prompts, 'tis virtue to abstain ;
Blest with the power, 'tis great to want the will ;
Though error please awhile, 'tis error still.
Think you that none beside yourself desire
The bliss to which your bolder hopes aspire ? 160
Can Paris only estimate the prize ?
Of all mankind, has Paris only eyes ?
Numbers beside consume in silent care ;
Not more you love than they, but more you dare.
Hither your course had love propitious sped, 165
When rival thousands sought my virgin bed ⁴ ;
This may I own, such love the truth is due,
Amidst those thousands I had fix'd on you.
Another, long ere you the ocean crost,
Cropp'd the fair flower your tardy coming lost. 170
What had been yours, another's arms has blest ;
To finish'd rites you come, and joys possess'd.
Too late, alas ! my erring heart you sway ;
I gave before a willing hand away.

In pity cease a soul so soft to move, 175
Nor carry ruin where you proffer love ;
Ah, press no more a triumph o'er my fame,
Base is the trophy rais'd on woman's shame.
Yet ~~this~~ was promis'd when in Ida's wood
Three naked goddesses before you stood ; 180
With offer'd kingdoms, Juno urg'd her claim,
And sterner Pallas promis'd martial fame ;
" Be mine the prize," soft Venus smiling said,
" And Spartan Helen shall ascend your bed."
'Tis doubtful first, if heaven so blest your eyes, 185
And surely false that I was nam'd the prize ;
That Venus, me, (her richest gift) assign'd—
So vain a thought ne'er occupied my mind :
My mortal charms, if mortal eyes approve,
No loftier hopes my humble bosom move : 190
Yet such my weakness, I could wish it true,
And doubly prize it, since declar'd by you ;
Nor if I doubt your tale, should doubt displease,
'Tis hard at once to credit facts like these :

'Tis much, indeed, my charms that Venus thought 195
A worthy prize, and that those charms you sought ;
That power and fame were promis'd from above,
And power and fame were scorn'd for Helen's love ;
Not laurell'd conquest could with me compare,
And sceptres seem'd unworthy of thy care : 200
And do you me, then, more than glory prize ?
And am I more than empire in your eyes ?
What bosom cast in softer mould than stone,
But won by this, must grateful passion own ?
Of stone, believe me, is not form'd my breast ; 205
My love alone by prudence is repress'd.
Why seek a good which never can be found,
Or nurse a flame which never must be crown'd ?
For what avails to plough the barren shore,
Or scatter seeds on lands which never bore ? 210
How slightly skill'd, be witness powers above,
How rudely practis'd in the arts of love !
New to that dangerous school, I little know
'To hide an inward thought by outward show.

E'en now, uneven lines my fears betray, 215
And my hand trembles at its first essay ;
More happy they, when use has deaden'd shame,
Who boldly for the pleasure risk the blame ;
I shrink as if before the public eye,
And, trembling, fancy every face a spy. 220
Nor vain such terrors ; my unwilling ears
Receive too just occasion for my fears ;
Dissemble then—or if desist you will—
Desist—but why ?—you can dissemble still :
More secret then—not less in earnest be ; 225
The signs you mean for me, shew only me.
Thus far the time allows ; to venture more
Might cost the freedom we enjoy'd before ;
'Tis true, my husband treads the Cretan plain,
But just the cause which urg'd him o'er the main. 230
Whilst unresolv'd, as yet, to go, or stay,
“ Oh ! haste thy coming—love”—I chanc'd to say.
Pleas'd with the omen, as my lips he prest,
“ Have all in care,” he said, “ but most my guest.”

I strove my smiles at such a charge to hide, 235
And scarce my faltering tongue assent replied ;
The barrier open in his absence lies,
And clear the course, yet distant is the prize.
Know'st thou not well, that royal vengeance flings
Its venom far—for long the hands of kings? 240
Such homage, too, your tongue for ever pays,
That doubt may spring from such excess of praise.
Better that fame with less of justice gave
My charms applause, than live my beauty's slave ;
Nor wonder that he left me here alone, 245
He fear'd the woman, but the wife was known ;
A life like mine might confidence insure ;
My face was doubtful, but my fame secure.
You press me hard, and urge me not to lose
The very moment it were base to use. 250
Conflicting passions rage my breast within,
And now the pleasure sways, and now the sin ;
Alternate flames and ice ; Oh strife severe !
Would that my love were less, or less my fear !

Long are the nights, alike we lie alone; 255
My couch no husband shares, no wife your own :
If fierce your passion, blushing I confess
I rage with equal pains, and fires no less.
One house contains us, and you never fail
To urge, whene'er we meet, the tender tale ; 260
And ah ! nor zephyr, nor the mated dove
Is half so soothing as your plaint of love.
Hard am I prest, where all to guilt invites,
Our loves, our wishes, and our lonely nights :
If now you ask me, from a crime so dear 265
What keeps me still ? I answer, only fear :
Oh ! I could wish that force might boldly win
The pleasures which to grant to pray'rs were sin.
Who knows our sex, knows, woman will refuse
The very favour which she longs to lose. 270
Ah ! what, incautious, would my words persuade ?
Ah ! whither has my love my pen betray'd ?
No ; rather let us now our pangs endure,
Whilst art or reason can avail to cure ;

Ere bursting bounds, impatient of control, 275

They, rooted, rage within the very soul :

In falling rains, as kindling sparks expire,

Ere fanning gales have nurs'd them into fire.

'Twere rash, beside, a stranger's faith to prove,

Who finds in different lands a different love. 280

Lost Ariadne with a stranger fled⁵ ;

A stranger shar'd the pious Lemnian's bed⁶ ;

E'en you, 'tis said, of every hope bereft,

In Phrygian woods have your *Ænone* left ;

For know, nor hope denial can avail, 285

My chiefest care has been to learn your tale.

But grant the passion you profess be true,

More on the winds depends your faith than you :

Forgetting fears, should I consent to fall,

And blushing, yield at length, to grant thee all : 290

Whilst fiercest are our fires—the very night

I name for bliss, may spread your sails for flight,

Or worse—but half enjoy'd—when wholly won—

Our loves are sunder'd wide ere well begun.

Or, shall I rashly in your truth confide, 295
And with you cross for Troy the swelling tide?
I would, indeed; but fear the voice of fame;
Not yet so dead my soul to sense of shame:
If from my country by a stranger borne,
How Troy must scorn me, and how Sparta mourn! 300
E'en you, who might at least believe me true,
Rememb'ring if I fell—I fell for you—
From all around collecting cause for fear,
With rude reproaches will offend my ear—
At once the cause and censor of my crime: 305
Oh hide me, earth, before that hated time!
Riches you offer, but can riches move
A heart like mine, which asks but only love?
Though nations' wealth your Phrygian shores command,
Far dearer to my soul my native land. 310
In Troy, to insult and to wrongs betray'd,
What sire shall right me, and what brothers aid?
Like me, Medea, to her cost, believ'd;
Like you, her Jason swore, and ye deceiv'd.

Like me secure, she left her native strand, 315
Soon a sad exile in a foreign land.
Hope still deceives, and oft, when least we fear
The storms of fate, alas ! those storms are near.
The vessel now, with furious tempests torn,
With prosperous breezes from the port was borne. 320
To you, your mother's fiery birth appears
An empty dream, but me it fills with fears ;
And more, I dread the prophets who proclaim
That Troy shall surely blaze in Grecian flame ;
Though Venus may the cause she gain'd defend, 325
Two are your foes, and only one your friend ;
Nor doubt I, if for Troy I cross the flood,
Our fatal loves must wade through seas of blood :
Eurytion's lust assail'd th' Inachian maid ?
Eurytion's lust his savage nation paid. 330
Think you his sword so slow my husband draws,
And slack my brothers in so just a cause ?
Nor are their arms so weak, nor souls so tame,
To suffer unaveng'd a sister's shame.

Your tale you seek by sounding boasts to grace ; 335
But ill such words agree with such a face ;
More fit to Venus than to Mars to yield,
You suit the chamber better than the field :
Oh, form'd for pleasures ! be in fight to shine
The task of others—but to love, be thine. 340
Those tender limbs should softer combats know,
Combats—where I would be your only foe ;
Combats, by art, and not by valour won ;
Combats, in which we wish to be undone ;
But shame detains, myself would name the field, 345
And, blushing, to your arms the triumph yield.
A private audience, when at last you press,
With ease what audience you would seek, I guess.
Our sex's doubts your bold desires despise,
And hurrying on, push forward to the prize. 350
But yet, the harvest of your hopes is green,
The goal you strive to touch is scarcely seen :
Be wise ; and time assisting your desires,
My fears may lessen, and increase my fires.

But now enough, these truant lines unfold, 355

And my tir'd fingers lose their aching hold ;

If, all my soul to love and you resign'd,

I kinder grow at length, perhaps too kind ;

As then, what only can remain to say

I blush to write—a message shall convey. 360

THE
OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY

WASHINGTON, D. C.
JANUARY 1, 1892

TO THE
HONORABLE
MEMBERS OF THE
NAVY

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NOTES.

Note 1, page 59, line 1.

The loose affront I read so late with shame.

It may be necessary here to observe, that many deny this epistle to be the work of our author, and cite the 18th elegy of the second book, ad Macrum, as a proof. After enumerating several of his own epistles, and the answers of Sabinus, Ovid says:

*Nec tibi, (quâ tutum vati, Macer, arma canenti),
Aureus in medio Marte tacetur amor.*

He here has evidently concluded with Sabinus, and tells Macer, that he is aware that, although an heroic poet, he, too, has not disdained to mingle love with his sublimer subjects. He proceeds:

*Et Paris est illic, et adultera, nobile crimen,
Et comes extincto Laodamia viro.*

I also (such is the sense), like you have united the themes of

love and war; Paris is there, (amongst his epistles), and the adulteress, memorable crime! and Laodamia, the wretched wife of a slaughtered husband.

But even were this inconclusive, the style and beauty of the epistle are so completely Ovidian, that I am astonished how a doubt can have been entertained on the subject.

Note 2, page 60, line last.

Young as I was, an unreluctant prey.

It may be worth while to inquire a little into the age of these celebrated lovers. If Helen was the twin sister of Castor and Pollux, who accompanied the Argonautic expedition, according to the received chronology, B. C. 1263, and seventy-nine years before the destruction of Troy, which Homer informs us took place twenty years after her elopement with Paris, she could not (allowing her brothers to have been only fifteen when they embarked with Jason) have been less than seventy-four, at the date of this letter, and consequently very little short of a hundred, when, twenty years afterwards, the counsellors of Priam were so much struck by her beauty. Indeed, Paris and herself seem to have been a very silly old couple. Supposing him to have been eighteen at the birth of Achilles, as before that event he had given his celebrated judgment in favour of Venus, the apple of Discord having been thrown among the goddesses at the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis. Achilles, by a fair calculation, must have been twenty-four or twenty-five at the elopement of Helen, as, several years before, we learn that he was

one of her most ardent admirers. Taking the age of Paris, then, at the date of this epistle, at forty-two, he might surely have had sufficient discretion to restrain his desires, and taste enough not to have fixed them on a lady nearly twice his own age. To redeem, however, the grey hairs of our lovers from the preceding reproach, it is satisfactory to observe, that we have other authority which places the rape of Helen by Theseus only fifteen years before her elopement with Paris, and she had not at that time completed her ninth year ; consequently, when supposed to write this epistle, she was not more than twenty-four. If we consider the ardour of Paris, as described on a certain occasion towards the end of the third book of the Iliad, we shall have much difficulty to believe that he was then in his seventh decad. He probably was about the same age as his mistress, certainly a time of life more suitable to their story, than that we at first allotted them. These contradictions spring from the defective system of ancient chronology now received. There seems throughout an unaccountable tendency to unite or connect all remarkable events that can, with any appearance of possibility, be brought together : thus Castor and Pollux are sent to Colchos with Jason, and the apple of Discord makes its appearance at the marriage of Peleus. A scientific correction of early chronology is a desideratum ; Newton has laid an admirable basis for it, but the undertaking would be gigantic, and probably require the labour of years.

Note 3, page 62, line 16.

The joys of furtive love my mother knew.

Jupiter, seeing Leda, the wife of Tyndarus, bathing in the

Eurotas, becoming enamoured of her, transformed himself into a swan, and, as if flying from an eagle which pursued him, sheltered himself in her arms, and there soon availed himself of his situation. Some relate this fable of Nemesis; others suppose Leda and Nemesis the same person; perhaps there were two of the name, and the first Leda or Nemesis, the mother of Castor and Pollux, might also have given birth to the second, the mother of Helen by Tyndarus: the disagreement of age between Helen and her reputed brothers, is this way accounted for.

Note 4, page 67, line 12.

When rival thousands sought my virgin bed.

Tyndarus, the father of Helen, alarmed at the number of suitors for the hand of his daughter, was apprehensive of exciting the enmity of so many powerful princes by the preference of one: from this dilemma he was extricated by the address of Ulysses, who advised him to permit Helen to select a husband from amongst them; previously binding them by oath to unite themselves for her protection or recovery, in case any attempt should be afterwards made on her person; in consequence of this agreement, on her flight with Paris, they leagued against Troy, which, after a siege of ten years, they reduced to ashes.

Note 5, page 73, line 7.

Lost Ariadne with a stranger fled.

Vide Epistle of Ariadne to Theseus.

Note 6, page 73, line 8.

A stranger shar'd the pious Lemnian's bed.

Hypsipyle, queen of Lemnos, hospitably received Jason on his expedition to Colchos, and falling in love with him, admitted him to all the privileges of a husband. He afterwards deserted her. Her letter to Jason is one of our author's epistles.

Note 7, page 75, line 15.

Eurytion's lust assail'd th' Inachian maid.

At the marriage of Pelops and Hippodamia, the Centaur Eurytion offered violence to the bride; the insult was of course resented by the husband. A war ensued between the Centaurs and the Lapithæ, which ended in the destruction of the former.

ŒNONE TO PARIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

On the return of Paris to Troy, accompanied by Helen, C  none sends him this epistle, in which she attempts to regain his affection, by representing to him her own love, and the uncertain fidelity of Helen. She endeavours at first to awaken his gratitude ; and latterly to excite his fears, by describing the evils which his detention of Helen must inevitably entail on his country, and conjures him to avert them, by restoring her in time to her husband.

CENONE TO PARIS.

FROM shades to which alone she long has sigh'd,
This to her Paris sends his Phrygian bride ;
Though he, alas ! that tender name deny,
And, worse than cruel, from her bosom fly ;
Oh read, or must thou ask the haughty dame
Who basely triumphs in your second flame ?
Oh read—these sheets no hostile menace know,
Though wrong'd, the writer cannot be thy foe :
Tears, tears, my Paris, stream with every line ;
What frenzy fires my soul to call you mine !
Peace, pleasure, love, all blasted in their prime ;
What god has curs'd me thus ? and what my crime ?
'Tis weak of woes we merit to complain,
But, undeserv'd, we doubly feel the pain.

Hast thou so soon forgot how Ida's groves, 15
Ere known thy birth, were conscious of our loves?
Sprung from a god—yet pleas'd, I stoop'd to share
A shepherd's love, nor scorn'd a mutual care.
Disdain'd I then, whilst round our flocks have play'd,
To crown your pleasures in the secret shade? 20
At noon we sought the grove, at night the shed;
In winter, hay—in summer, leaves our bed.
Oft to your sylvan sports I've led the way,
And press'd your hounds upon the flying prey;
Oft by your side the artful toils have set, 25
Or urg'd the frighten'd savage to the net.
Still holds each beech my name inscrib'd by thee,
And still the name increases with the tree:
Grow, conscious trees, sad records of my woe,
His former love, his present falsehood show. 30
Well I remember, where, by Xanthus' flood,
High o'er its flowery banks a poplar stood;
The changing winds around its summit blow,
Its roots, wide spreading, drink the waves below:

Still lives the poplar, may it flourish long ! 35

And long its faithful bark preserve this song :

“ In other flames when perjur’d Paris glow,

“ Back Xanthus’ waters to their source shall flow.”

Back, Xanthus’ waters to your fountain turn,

In other flames see perjur’d Paris burn. 40

Ah, day for ever sad ! when summer fled,

And winter burst on my devoted head ;

When Pallas, brighter naked than in arms,

And heav’n’s, and beauty’s queen disclos’d their charms :

This, when you told—sad presage of my pains, 45

My freezing blood seem’d stagnant in my veins :

Frantic, our seers I seek, and all declare

That adverse gods some dreadful storm prepare.

Soon fell’d, whole forests leave their sylvan seat,

And on the waters floats the ready fleet ; 50

Parting, you wept—nor blush, neglectful youth,

Though perjur’d now, to own your former truth ;

My love no shame pursues—that grief became

Your heart, far better than your present flame ;

Yes, then you wept, though now forgetful grown, 55
You wept—and with your tears I mix'd my own :
Around my neck your circling arms you twine,
As wreathes around its elm the clasping vine.
What fond excuses then you fram'd to stay !
How curs'd your going, and how wish'd delay ! 60
How oft, when fancied storms were feign'd your care,
Your comrades laugh'd, who knew the winds were fair :
How oft you strove to kiss your last in vain,
And still again return'd to kiss again ;
And swearing all their former vows anew, 65
Scarce breath'd your lips that hated word—adieu !

Now speeds your vessel with the fav'ring wind,
And flying leaves a foaming track behind :
My eyes the bark pursue, the bark appears
But indistinctly, through a veil of tears ; 70
But still I gaz'd intently on thy flight,
And follow'd aching, till I lost thee quite :
Then vows unblest for your return I pay,
And madly for my own destruction pray :

“ Oh give,” I cry, “ ye daughters of the main, 75

“ Oh give my Paris to these eyes again.”

Too soon the sea-nymphs listen'd—to my cost ;

You come—you come indeed—but I am lost.

Another reaps the harvest of my cares,

Curs'd fate ! another profits by my pray'rs ; 80

For an adultress are my vows preferr'd ;

For an adultress, too, my vows are heard.

From a high rock which overlooks the main,

When first my eyes beheld thy sails again ;

Such was my haste, that headlong from the steep 85

I scarce refrain'd from plunging in the deep :

Just then bright purple on the prow appear'd,

Not thine that Tyrian dye, I knew—and fear'd ;

Not long I doubt, for soon, at nearer space,

I saw—ye gods !—I saw a female face ; 90

Nay, more—(my very soul what madness stung !)

The shameless wanton to your bosom clung :

'Twas then I beat my breasts, my cheeks I tore,

And curs'd my beauty, since it pleas'd no more.

The scene all conscious of my grief appears ; 95
The earth of Ida drinks my flowing tears,
The gales of Ida waft around my sighs,
The vales of Ida echo to my cries.

So, too, may Helen grieve, and so deplore
In turn, the falsehood she has caus'd before ; 100
Like me, ye gods, like me, Oh let her prove
How keen the tortures of deserted love !

Oh, heav'n ! that hearts by riches should be sway'd,
And sacred love be made an impious trade ;
A prince become, you find, who cross the sea, 105
And leave their lords and native land for thee ;
But when your flocks in Ida's vales you fed,
Who but CEnone shar'd the shepherd's bed ?
Nor think I pine your boasted rank to share,
Not wealth, nor power, but love is all my care : 110
Though not unworthy I in courts to shine,
Nor yet too mean to mix my race with thine ;
These hands might well the regal sceptre own ;
A crown this forehead, and this form a throne :

What ! if their shade, where covering beeches threw, 115
I pass'd, on new-fall'n leaves, the night with you ;
Well might the gilded couch by me be prest,
If outward show could soothe a wretch to rest ;
But not the gilded couch can bring repose,
Nor outward show a wretch's eyelids close. 120
Secure beside, no navies cross the sea,
No swords avenging leave their sheaths for me ;
For her already leagues a host of kings,
And war the dowry to your arms she brings.
Ere yet you cast all hopes of peace away, 125
Hear what your father, what your brothers say ;
Their cooler judgment some regard may claim ;
Oh yield, at their demand, the fatal dame :
Since madly if the chance of arms you prove,
And wound your country rather than your love, 130
So base a cause success can never know,
And Jove in justice must assist the foe.

Nor dream her true, nor think that heart can be
To others hard, which was so soft to thee ;

As once Atrides seem'd like you her care ; 135
So you like him shall curse the changing fair ;
No art our sex lost honour can restore ;
If virtue sleep but once, she wakes no more.
If you she love—she lov'd Atrides too ;
If true she seem—Atrides thought her true ; 140
E'en when he trusted most, with you she fled,
And left his easy faith a widow'd bed.
Ah, blest Andromache ! ah, envied dame !
Whose husband justly owns a mutual flame :
A love as pure as hers behold in me, 145
But where, alas ! is Hector's faith in thee ?
Light as the sapless leaves the breezes bear
From autumn groves, to float in empty air.
So ears of corn the reaper's hope betray,
When suns too fierce have dried their pith away. 150
Loose to the winds her streaming tresses flung ;
'Twas thus, inspir'd, your raging sister sung ;
“ Why, lost Ænone, why thus sow the sand ?
“ And plough with fruitless toil a barren land ?”

“ She comes, she comes, and with her brings despair, 155

“ The Grecian heifer comes, for woes prepare.

“ Oh heav’ns ! what ill her curs’d arrival wait,

“ Yourself and country share one common fate.

“ Yet, yet, ye gods ! reverse your stern decree,

“ Whelm the dire vessel in th’ avenging sea ; 160

“ Vain pray’r ! the furies urge it o’er the flood,

“ Death is its pilot, and its freight is blood.”

Here, raving still, they snatch’d her from my sight,

Whilst all my trembling frame confess’d my fright.

Too soon, alas ! the truth confirms my fear, 165

The fatal heifer is already here.

Grant that the Spartan dame indeed be fair,

Should fragile form with faith like mine compare ?

A stranger’s love inflames, she braves the main,

Nor child, nor lord, nor native land detain. 170

So Theseus, too, (if Theseus be the name),

Successful, won before th’ inconstant dame.

Though there she talks of youth to youth untrue,

And love, forgetful of a lover’s due,

What ! youth and love the tempting prize forego ! 175
A likely tale ! as those who love must know.
If force you fondly plead, to spare the blame,
And hide the sin beneath an empty name,
Know, that where twice we suffer force, 'tis still
To save consent, and not for want of will. 180
Such Helen is, but thy *Ænone*, true
To vows by you forgot, still lives for you ;
Nor e'er her faith has lost, nor e'er can lose,
Though well such lesson might her fault excuse.
For me swift *Satyr*s, whilst I love denied, 185
Have panting rang'd in vain the mountain's side :
Faunus, who decks with leafy wreaths his head,
O'er *Ida*'s tops has follow'd as I fled :
Me, too, bright *Phœbus*, blushing I confess,
Pursued—not mine the fault—with more success : 190
When words he found were lost, the god assail'd
With force, and scarcely e'en by force prevail'd ;
For still fierce tokens of my rage he bore,
His cheeks I rent, his laurell'd tresses tore.

I ask'd not gold, what gold can pay the cost 195
Of form abus'd, and virgin honour lost?
Base is the soul which wealth can win to shame,
Or riches meanly compensate for fame.
Unsought, the god disdain'd not to impart
The secrets of his own celestial art: 200
No herb of power to ease the wretch's pains,
No plant unknown to me wide earth contains³;
Ah! what avails my skill? the wounds of love
No herb can cure, no med'cine can remove:
Source of our art, when furious passion led, 205
Thessalian herds, himself, Apollo fed⁴.
Nor earth nor heav'n itself can peace insure;
I writhe with wounds which only you can cure.
Sure 'tis not much in me to claim your care,
I come not fierce in arms, but sad in pray'r; 210
For thine I am, and have been—nor disdain,
So just a suit—thine ever would remain.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 88, line 4.

Sprung from a god, &c.

ÆNONE was the daughter of the river-god, Cebrenus ; or, according to some, of the Xanthus.

Note 2, page 94, line 1.

As once Atrides seem'd like you her care.

Atrides is a patronymic common to Agamemnon and Menelaus, as the sons of Atreus. Many assert that Atreus was their grandfather, and his son, Plísthene's, their father.

Note 3, page 97, line 8.

No plant unknown to me wide earth contains.

When Paris had received from the hand of Philoctetes the wound which caused his death, in hopes of profiting by the

medical assistance of CEnone, he directed his attendants to convey him to her, for that purpose. He expired at the moment he arrived in her presence, and she, in despair, stabbed herself to the heart on the dead body.

Note 4, page 97, line 12.

Thessalian herds, himself, Apollo fed.

I am aware of no other author who attributes this story of Apollo to love, perhaps CEnone purposely gives it a wrong turn. When Jupiter had killed Æsculapius, the son of Apollo, for restoring Hippolytus to life, the father, in revenge, destroyed the Cyclops, whose occupation it was to forge the bolts of Jupiter; for this act he was banished from heaven, and in his exile hired himself as a herdsman to Admetus, king of Thessaly.

ARIADNE TO THESEUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Minos, the son of Jupiter and Europa, after a severe but successful war with the Athenians (who had treacherously slain his son Androgeos), granted them peace, on condition that they should send yearly to Crete seven young men, and as many virgins, to be devoured by the Minotaur, “quem arte Dædali Pasiphae ex tauro genuerat.” Ovid says, *De Arte Amandi*, Lib. I.

*Hanc tamen implevit vaccâ deceptus acernâ
Dux gregis ; et partu proditus auctor erat.*

The Minotaur was the fruit of this monstrous intrigue ; it was half a man and half a bull. Theseus, indignant at this shameful tribute, procured the lot to fall on himself, willingly exposing himself to the risk of perishing, in the hope of destroying the monster. By the assistance of Ariadne (who fell in love with him, and supplied him with a clue, by which he was enabled to retrace the windings of the labyrinth in which the Minotaur was confined) he prevailed, and slew it. Ariadne and her sister Phædra accompanied him on his leaving Crete. On his way home he touched at Naxos, and there, either satiated with his prize, or warned by Bacchus in a dream, he left Ariadne ; who from thence writes him this epistle ; in which she complains of his cruelty, recounts the services she had rendered him, and entreats him to return.

ARIADNE TO THESEUS.

By thee, inhuman ! to their rage resign'd,
Less fierce than thee the very beasts I find ;
E'en raging tigers yet their prey forbear,
And hungry wolves their fated victim spare ;
From thence I write, where helpless and alone, 5
Thy falsehood left me on a coast unknown,
Shores which, alas ! have all my wrongs survey'd.
By treacherous sleep, and treacherous love betray'd,
Scarce yet the glowing orient blush'd with light,
And yet the fields with morning frost were white ; 10
Scarce yet, rejoicing on the dewy spray,
The feather'd songsters hail'd the coming day,
When round our couch my eager arms I threw,
And fondly fancied they encircled you ;

But ah ! responsive to my heaving breast, 15
No heart's warm throbbings are tumultuous prest ;
Again I seek thee with a fresh embrace,
Again deceiv'd, I grasp at empty space.
Fear chill'd my veins, my treacherous slumber fled,
Frantic I leapt from the deserted bed ; 20
Then sunk again ; my frame with horror shook,
And sense my soul, and strength my limbs forsook.
My breast I beat, my loosen'd tresses tore,
And sent my shrieks along the desert shore ;
Anxious I stretch'd around my aching sight ; 25
The silver lamp of heav'n supplied her light :
In vain on every side I cast my eyes,
The naked coast alone before me lies.
Now here, now there, I rush where rage inspires,
But ill my strength obeys my wild desires : 30
In shrieks unceasing, " Theseus !" I exclaim,
The hills and rocks around return the name,
And oft as I my piercing cries renew,
The echoing shores replied, and call'd thee too.

A hill was near, which o'er the waters cast 35
A lengthen'd shade, and brav'd the frequent blast ;
Thither my course with headlong haste I bent,
Unusual strength my furious passion lent ;
Thence wide around the seas in prospect lay,
And thence thy flying vessel I survey ; 40
False as thy cruel self, the treacherous gale
Conspir'd with thee, and fill'd thy swelling sail ;
Thee, too, I saw, or ready fancy drew
Thy well-known semblance to my eager view :
A deadly cold struck inward to my heart, 45
And life's warm stream seem'd drawn from every part :
Not long I languish'd, grief too fierce to bear
Pour'd on my soul, and rous'd me to despair.
“ Theseus, oh Theseus ! whither dost thou fly ?”
Frantic I scream, the sounding rocks reply. 50
“ Stay, yet,” I cry, “ perfidious Theseus, stay ;
“ Hither you brought me, bear me hence away.”
Signs, shrieks, and furious gestures speak the rest,
My arms I wave, and rend my flowing vest ;

Then from my head the shining veil I tear, 55
The floating folds on high the breezes bear ;
But deaf thy ears to me, and clos'd thine eyes,
My signs, alas ! are fruitless as my cries.
But still I follow'd, till I lost thee quite,
And distance shut thee from my aching sight ; 60
Then first I wept, for then the bursting woe
Found vent at length, and tears began to flow ;
For when thy sails no longer met my view,
To weep, alas ! was all my eyes could do.
And now I rush along with hair unbound, 65
Like they whose songs divine Iacchus sound ;
And now I make the rugged rocks my seat,
And listless eye the billows at my feet :
There sit distracted, there despairing groan,
As cold, alas ! and senseless as the stone. 70
And now I seek again the treacherous bed
Which held me sleeping when my Theseus fled ;
Two lovers there beheld the setting sun ;
But ah ! the dawn of morning saw but one ;

There yet the print thy form impress'd I see, 75

And fondly kiss the place instead of thee.

"False bed," I cry, "a double trust before,

"You held us both—thy double trust restore :

"Why did we not," with fury I exclaim,

"Together go, as we together came?" 80

Then on the spot my wretched weight I throw,

And bathe it hopeless with the streams of woe.

What can I do? or whither can I turn?

My eyes nor man, nor human works discern ;

On every side though gloomy ocean roars, 85

No vessel visits these unfriendly shores ;

Or grant, that heav'n should all my wants supply,

Ship, winds, and sailors, whither shall I fly?

My native Crete these eyes must never view,

Crete and my father I betray'd for you. 90

Though heav'n itself should guide me o'er the main,

And stormy Æolus his rage restrain,

Uncertain where my hapless course to bend,

An exile I, my woes can never end.

When to your hand I gave the fatal clue, 95
And to destroy myself deliver'd you,
Fool that I was, to credit what you said !
'Twas thus you swore, " By those the ills I dread,
" Mine, ever mine, whilst life this bosom warms,
" Nor chance nor change shall snatch thee from my arms."
We live, Oh Theseus, and I am not thine ; 101
If life (thus buried as I am) be mine,
Would thou hadst kept, indeed, thy promise true,
And slain me then, when you my brother slew !
Conflicting horrors tear my lab'ring breast, 105
And every ill that fancy can suggest ;
Death in a thousand dreadful forms appears,
But not a form so dreadful as my fears :
Now shake my limbs, and scarce I breathe for dread,
Lest raging tigers in this isle are bred ; 110
And now in thought I hear the lion's roar,
Or wolves who howl along the desert shore ;
Unnumber'd monsters ocean's caves contain,
Who haunt the margin of their native main ;

These sands some pirate with my blood may stain, 115
 Or bind me, hopeless, in a captive chain ;
 To servile tasks these trembling hands decree,
 Though sprung from Minos, and betroth'd to thee.

Wretch that I am ! to certain fate betray'd,
 To land or sea I look in vain for aid ; 120
 On every side a thousand ills arise,
 On earth abandon'd, odious to the skies ;
 Nor hope remains, I more than all should fear
 The traitor man, did man inhabit here.

Would heav'n had ne'er Androgeos' death decreed, 125
 Or fate had doom'd him unaveng'd to bleed !
 Would that thy lifted hand the fatal blow
 Had never dealt, that laid my brother low !
 Or would that I had never lent my aid,
 Nor sav'd thee then, to be so soon betray'd. 130
 What if thy arm the double monster gave
 To find his dire abode at length his grave ?
 Securely thou unarm'd his rage might scorn,
 For harder far thy bosom than his horn ;

Vain was his hope, indeed, to pierce thee there, 135
There steel, and harder far than steel you bear.
Oh! slumbers cruel, to have held me fast,
And far more cruel to have fled at last;
And cruel winds whose aid too ready bore
His flying vessel from this hated shore; 140
And cruel hand, the pledge of faith in vain,
Which first my brother, then myself has slain;
Sleep, and the winds, and ruin of my kind,
A faith too easy to my fate combined.
Ne'er shall I view, above my dying head, 145
Her pious tears a weeping mother shed;
In foreign air my wretched spirit flies,
No careful hand to close my fixing eyes;
No pitying friend the last sad rites to pay,
But hungry sea-birds scream around their prey. 150
My scatter'd bones shall strew this desert plain,
Whilst safe you view your native realms again;
There, to surrounding crowds your triumphs tell,
The cave explor'd, and how the monster fell;

My conquest too, relate, and proudly boast— 155

You left me helpless on a foreign coast.

From human lineage, or from race divine,

Could never spring a heart so hard as thine ;

But rocks or seas thy ruthless being gave,

As stone unfeeling, treacherous as the wave. 160

Oh ! hadst thou seen me, conscious of thy flight,

E'en thou hadst melted at so sad a sight.

Yet what thou canst, in fancy view me now,

Distracted, hanging o'er a mountain's brow ;

Around whose heights the freezing tempests blow, 165

The foaming billows lash its base below ;

My tresses floating to the breeze behold,

And members shiv'ring at th' unwonted cold ;

Uneven lines my trembling fingers trace,

And falling tears th' unfinish'd words efface. 170

Nor by my hated merits do I plead,

Nor claim I now thy kindness as my meed ;

But if no safety to my cares be due,

For this, alas ! deserve I death from you ?

Where last my straining eyes thy bark could sec, 175
I stretch my wearied arms, as if to thee ;
As if to thee, my beaten breasts I bare,
As if to thee my streaming tresses tear.
By all the floods of tears your treachery draws,
By all the pangs, by all the fears you cause, 180
By honour, justice, piety and love,
By every name below, or pow'r above—
Change with the changing winds, replough the main,
And visit these detested shores again ;
E'en if before be quench'd the vital flame, 185
And the tir'd soul have left the harass'd frame,
Yet may'st thou still the last sad office pay,
And bear at least my poor remains away*.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 109, line 14.

Had never dealt which laid my brother low.

ARIADNE was the daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, and consequently half-sister to the Minotaur: it may be as well here to observe, that some authors give a more natural turn to the inclinations of Pasiphae, by supposing that her intrigue was with a person of her husband's court named Taurus.

Note 2, page 112, line last.

And bear at least my poor remains away.

According to our author, Ariadne was not so unfortunate as she had reason to apprehend; Bacchus, who had caused the departure of Theseus, having himself become enamoured of her, soon made his appearance, and was not long in prevailing on the lady to forget the mortal for the god. When we consider the qualifications of Bacchus, we shall not even now think it a very extraordinary exchange.

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Theseus having deserted Ariadne in the island of Naxos, on his arrival at Athens married her sister Phædra. Theseus had a son by Hippolyte, queen of the Amazons, named Hippolytus, of whom Phædra soon became desperately enamoured. Having long struggled in vain with her passion, she resolves to disclose it; but being deterred by the shame of so disgraceful a confession, from declaring it in person, she writes him the following letter.

PHÆDRA TO HIPPOLYTUS.

THE health I send, bright youth, be ever thine ;
For you, and you alone, can make it mine.
Read this, and if relentless you disdain
To grant me more—be conscious of my pain ;
Read, for these lines may please ; read, lovely boy ; 5
If vain my suit, can bootless pray'rs annoy ?
Letters convey the secrets of the soul,
Though mountains rise between, and oceans roll ;
Our fears, our hopes, our passions they disclose ;
By letters friends converse, by letters foes. 10
Thrice my sad secret to impart I tried,
Thrice on my lips the fruitless efforts died ;
Love bids me write, since shame the tongue arrest,
This rules the mind, though that inflames the breast ;

What love commands, it fits us to obey, 15
All nature owns his universal sway.
Doubts long prevail'd, nor could my soul decide
To own the flame it had not power to hide :
In this suspense the god of soft delight
In whispers spoke, " dismiss thy fears, and write." 20
Then hear my vows, be present, power divine,
Pierce that cold breast, and make it glow like mine.
Untaught to love, my bosom never knew
Its lord till now, nor any now but you :
But, Oh ! as conscious of its coldness past, 25
It burns, with double fury burns at last :
Scarce youthful steers th' unwonted yoke sustain,
And colts unbroke run restive from the rein ;
So fares in love the unaccustom'd heart,
When first the breast admits the fatal dart : 30
Art may avail the youthful mind to cure,
We burn, alas ! more fiercely when mature.
To thee, fair boy, I offer up my fame !
Come, share at once the pleasure and the shame.

Wouldst thou not gather tempting as it grows, 35

The ripen'd fruit, or pluck the offer'd rose?

My present fall may prove the past how bright,

As spots show plainest on the purest white:

So perfect thou in youth's and beauty's prime,

So worthy love, to love thee not were crime; 40

A meaner flame might just dishonour be,

But vice is virtue if approv'd by thee.

Should Jove himself for love to Phædra sue,

Not Jove, Hippolytus, could rival you.

How am I chang'd! what new delights I find! 45

Through woods I long to chase the savage kind;

My wonted vows forgot, on Delia's shrine

My offerings lay—thy goddess must be mine;

Now would it please o'er mountain-tops to cheer

The panting hounds to press the frighten'd deer; 50

To mark the dart as from my hand it fled,

Or stretch'd on earth to make the grass my bed;

Oft in light chariots, now, I long to lead

The rapid race, and lash the flying steed;

And now by fits I rave, the secret pain 55

Preys on my reason, and inflames my brain,
Mad as the frantic dames who Bacchus sing¹,
Or they whose howlings Idas echoes ring.

Sure woes like mine on all our line await,
And Venus rules us with the force of fate: 60

Europa first, Jove author of our race,
A bull in form, betray'd to his embrace ;
My mother next, a melancholy flame
Nurs'd in her breast, and fill'd her womb with shame.

My sister's passion prov'd thy father's aid, 65
And well thy treacherous sire her love repaid !

I follow last, nor yet will fate resign

The curse that proves me of so lost a line.

From our devoted house the sire and son,

(Thy fortune use) have double trophies won. 70

'Twas then, when Ceres annual rites renew²,
That fate my footsteps to Eleusis drew ;
Oh, would to heav'n ! before that fatal time,
That death's preventing hand had spar'd my crime ;

Then rag'd my veins with more than wonted heat, 75

Then was thy triumph o'er my soul complete ;

White was thy robe, a chaplet deck'd thy hair,

And modest blushes made thee seem more fair ;

Others thy face as harsh and haughty blame ;

I would, alas ! that I could think the same. 80

I hate those fools who female follies ape,

Those less than women in the manly shape ;

Thee well becomes, fair youth, thy rigid air,

And well thou scorn'st to wreathe thy locks with care.

Whether thy art the fiery courser tame, 85

Or graceful hand the certain jav'lin aim,

Thy every act my wond'ring eyes admire,

And all my bosom heaves with strong desire.

Oh ! leave to savage woods thy cold disdain—

For lo ! I perish if I sue in vain ; 90

Soon fails the strength, rash boy, which never knows

Alternate respite, nor enjoys repose ;

Though thine Diana's skill, the bow, believe,

If bent for ever, will at length deceive :

Like thee, for whom Aurora sigh'd above³, 95
In woods delighted, but he scorn'd not love ;
Like me by beauty won, the goddess fled,
For blooming youth, her aged husband's bed ;
Oft shadowing oaks saw bright-eyed Venus yield
To glad Adonis, and their loves conceal'd⁴; 100
Unblest Ænides next, a hapless name⁵,
In forests woo'd the fair Mænaliam dame ;
Hers was each prize which found his certain bow,
And hers the fatal spoils which caus'd his woe.
Thee, loveliest youth ! let these examples move ; 105
The woods are desarts if depriv'd of love ;
With thee I'll roam the rugged mountains o'er,
Fearless with thee pursue the savage boar.
Where fair Trœzene hears the billows beat
On either side, we can securely meet ; 110
A soil far dearer than my native plain,
If you to grace it with your presence deign.
Come, lovely boy, nor lose with cold delay
The fair occasion—Theseus is away ;

Him, distant hence, Pirithous detains⁶; 115

For him thy father us alike disdains:

A wrong like that alone 'twere light to know;

Far heavier ills his cruel hands we owe:

First, when her aid my hapless sister gave,

My brother's blood distain'd the fatal cave; 120

That sister next he blush'd not to betray,

But left, inhuman! to the beasts of prey:

Not e'en the beauteous pledge in thee she gave,

Nor her own virtues could thy mother save;

She far, alike in courage as in face, 125

Excell'd the warriors of her manlike race:

Need I relate that by thy sire she died?

The sword of Theseus pierc'd her tender side:

Nor hope, when death o'ertakes that sire, to reign;

Thy injur'd mother was unmarried slain. 130

I, too, alas! (forgive the crime), have bred,

Unwilling, children to his hated bed.

Rather I would, oh human nature's pride!

My bursting womb its office had denied.

Go, now, fond youth ! thy parent's bed respect, 135
The bed that parent shuns with cold neglect.
Wilt thou for empty names from joys refrain ?
Shall very sounds thy wish'd delights restrain ?
In times of old such piety had place,
When rustic Saturn rul'd the human race ; 140
Saturn and Saturn's laws are long decay'd ;
Jove rules us now, and Jove must be obey'd ;
He grants us, wiser than his doting sire,
The first of blessings, to indulge desire.
E'en Juno rules, majestic by his side, 145
By double ties, his sister and his bride ;
What Jove approves 'twere impious to disdain ;
The nearer kindred closer knits the chain :
Safe in our loves, the truth can ne'er be known,
Nor can the crime (if crime it be), be shown : 150
Our near connexion serves to banish fear ;
The son, and not the lover will appear :
No need have you to watch the dewy eve,
No gates to pass, no keeper to deceive ;

As we have liv'd, together we may live, 155
Kisses you gave, and kisses you may give;
Nay, should they see me lock'd in your embrace,
The vice e'en then would wear a virtue's face.
Hence, then, delay—and teach that heart to feel;
Let mutual pleasures mutual wishes seal. 160
So, love, who rages now my bosom through,
To me a tyrant, may be kind to you:
For this, behold, a suppliant I entreat,
For this my pride is humbled at thy feet;
What now avail my vows, profess'd in vain, 165
To perish rather than confess my pain?
Fool that I was!—love's soul-consuming flame
Can quell the haughtiest, and the fiercest tame:
Now could I grovel prostrate on the ground
To kiss thy feet, or cling thy knees around. 170
To love, alas! no right, no wrong is known;
For where he reigns, the tyrant reigns alone.
Nor yet my cheeks the conscious hue have lost,
Which speaks how much this sad confession cost.

Then, oh ! do thou my hapless suit forgive, 175

Receive these lines—and bid the writer live.

Me what avails my sire's extended reign ?

O'er Crete's proud cities, and the subject main ?

Or what, alas ! that author of our line

I boast the god who hurls the bolt divine ? 180

What though my grandsire through the heav'nly way

Resplendent guides the chariot of the day ?

What boots it, mine those mighty names to call ?

Since mightier love alike contemns them all ;

Their fame in me the tyrant power subdues, 185

Grant them the pity you to me refuse.

Fam'd for the birth of Jove, Crete owns my sway,

And Crete shall my Hippolytus obey.

If love thou wilt not yield, thy pity spare,

Nor scorn a passion which thou dost not share. 190

A flame more hopeless caus'd my mother's grief^s ;

Yet e'en that wretched mother found relief.

Let Venus move thee to regard my pain,

So may'st thou ne'er be curs'd to love in vain ;

So may Diana still direct thy aim, 195
And every wood afford thee certain game ;
So may the mountain-gods thy vows succeed,
And Fawns propitious give the boar to bleed :
So may the nymphs, when fiercest glows the sun,
Allay thy thirst, although those nymphs you shun ! 200
If pray'rs alone to move thy bosom fail,
My cheeks are bath'd in tears, let tears avail :
In fancy view, when this shall meet your sight,
My tears fast falling as these pray'rs I write.

NOTES.

Note 1, page 120, line 3.

Mad as the frantic dames who Bacchus sing.

THE ladies bore a principal part in the Dionysia, or festivals of Bacchus; during their celebration they ran about half naked, with their hair dishevelled, having wreaths of ivy on their head, and the thyrsus in their hand, committing a thousand extravagancies, and exciting themselves to fury by copious draughts in honour of the deity.

The priests of Cybele, who kept their solemnities on Mount Ida, were called Corybantes; none were admitted to the holy office without previous mutilation. In their ceremonies they affected the manners of madmen, filling the country round with the most dismal howlings, and the confused noise of drums, cymbals, and the clashing of arms. These festivals were instituted by Cybele, in commemoration of her favourite Atys.

Note 2, page 120, line 17.

'Twas then, when Ceres' annual rites renew.

The Eleusinian mysteries were the most famous of the festi-

vals observed by the Greeks. They were instituted in honour of Ceres and Proserpine, by Eumolpus, B. C. 1356, and celebrated at Eleusis in Attica, from whence they derived their name. The secrecy maintained concerning them is by some supposed to have arisen from the obscene and abominable practices carried on by the initiated during their celebration. A similar idea, and perhaps no better founded than that which has, in some countries, been entertained of the more modern institution of freemasonry.

Note 3, page 122, line 1.

Like thee, for whom Aurora sigh'd above.

Phædra here perverts the story of Cephalus to her own purpose. Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, agrees with all others who relate the fable, that he rejected the solicitations of Aurora.

Note 4, page 122, line 6.

Oft shadowing oaks saw bright-ey'd Venus yield.

The loves of Venus and Adonis are generally known. To the great grief of the goddess, whilst he was hunting a wild boar, he was killed by the enraged animal.

Note 5, page 122, line 7.

Unblest Ænides next, a hapless name.

Meleager, the son of Æneus, having killed the celebrated Ca-

lydonian boar, presented its skin to his mistress Atalanta, who had inflicted the first wound. Our matchless Gibbon, in one of his notes, is very jocose on this tale: "The brutes (not the boar)" he says, "quarrelled with the lady (the only one in company) for the skin of the beast." But of the whole party none were so impolite on the occasion as Toxeus and Plexippus, Meleager's own uncles; they even attempted to deprive, by force, the fair huntress of the honourable present: this was of course resented by the lover, who, in the contest, killed them both. On hearing the melancholy news, Althea, the mother of Meleager, in rage for the death of her brothers, threw into the fire a billet of wood, on the preservation of which the fates had decreed that the duration of her son's life should depend. Meleager died as soon as it was consumed. Homer mentions nothing of the billet. From this silence the fable is supposed to be of later invention.

Note 6, page 123, line 1.

Him distant hence Pirithous detains.

The friendship of Theseus and Pirithous is proverbial. Pirithous accompanied his friend when he carried off Helen. In their second joint attempt on Proserpine, the daughter of Aido-neus, king of the Molossi, they failed, and the amorous heroes were taken prisoners. According to some, Pirithous was killed in the enterprise.

Note 7, page 126, line 3.

Me what avails my sire's extended reign?

Phædra was the daughter of Minos, the son of Jupiter, and of Pasiphae, the daughter of Sol.

Note 8, page 126, line 17.

A flame more hopeless caus'd my mother's grief.

The attractions of Pasiphae must have been great.

Potuit corrumpere taurum

Mater.

says Phædra.

All the attempts of Phædra on the chastity of Hippolytus proved unsuccessful; indignant at his refusal, on the return of Theseus to Athens, she accused him of endeavouring to violate her. Hippolytus was obliged to fly from the resentment of his father. As he took his course along the sea-shore, his horses taking fright, ran among the rocks, by which, his chariot being broken, he was dragged about until his body was torn in pieces. According to some he retired to Italy, whence originated the fable of his being restored to life by Æsculapius.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Elissa, or, as she was afterwards called, Dido, was the daughter of Belus, king of Tyre; at an early age she married Sichæus, one of the priests of the Phœnician Hercules. Pygmalion, who succeeded Belus, murdered Sichæus whilst officiating in the temple, in order to obtain possession of his immense wealth; in this he was disappointed by the sudden flight of Dido, who, accompanied by a considerable number of Tyrians, escaped with her riches from the rapacity of the tyrant. She landed in Africa, and there built the city of Carthage; some time after, Æneas¹, the son of Anchises by the goddess Venus, on the destruction of Troy by the Grecians, retiring from Asia in quest of a new settlement, was cast by a storm on the coast of Carthage, and there hospitably received by Dido, who soon became desperately in love with her guest, and admitted him without reserve to all the privileges of a husband. But neither love nor gratitude long detained Æneas in the arms of Dido. The kingdom which the oracle had promised he should obtain in Italy was ever uppermost in his thoughts, and he soon made preparations for leaving Africa. Dido, on hearing the fatal news, writes him this epistle, in which, after using every other persuasion to induce his stay, she declares her intention of destroying herself, in case of his refusal, on the instant of his departure.

DIDO TO ÆNEAS.

So sadly prescient, by Mæander's springs,
The swan laments her fate, and dying sings.
Not that I write, since heav'n forbids thy stay,
In hope thy soul by fruitless pray'rs to sway ;
But having lost whate'er regard could claim, 5
My present honour, and my future fame ;
'Tis light, indeed, when all that merits care
Was basely lost, to lose a dying pray'r.
Fix'd then thou art ! and soon the treacherous wind,
Which speeds thy course, shall leave thy wrongs behind ; 10
Whilst you, regardless, give with equal care
Your hoisted sails and plighted vows to air ;
Though vers'd in dangers, not by perils taught,
To follow kingdoms only found in thought ;

For these, our rising Carthage you disdain, 15
And crowns are offer'd to your hands in vain ;
Nor present ease, nor future peace you prize,
And proffer'd good for empty dreams despise ;
To search for what unsought you may obtain,
And grasp at sceptres you may seek in vain. 20
Or will its sons, if found this promis'd land,
So tamely yield it to a stranger's hand ?
Or hop'st thou there another love to find,
Another Dido, to her ruin kind ?
To swear again, as you so lately swore, 25
Then break the promise plighted as before ?
How long, ere crowds like ours shall greet thy sight ?
Or thy new turrets know an equal height ?
If heav'n in this thy fondest hopes fulfil,
A love so true as mine were wanting still ; 30
For, oh ! I burn with unrestrain'd desire,
As holy tapers touch'd by sacred fire ;
Fierce as the flames before the driving blast,
And pure as incense on the altar cast :

Thy cruel form for ever haunts my sight, 35
By day in fancy, and in dreams by night.
But you, alas ! regardless of my pain,
My gifts, and pray'rs, and tears alike disdain ;
Still doom'd in spite of reason to adore,
The more my wrongs, I love thee still the more. 40
Have pity, Love—thy burning arrows spare,
Or pierce thy brother's heart, or mine forbear^a ;
But false those vaunts which I believ'd before ;
A son so cruel Venus never bore ;
From flinty rocks, or harden'd oaks you sprung, 45
And at the dugs of savage tigers hung ;
Or nurs'd in tempests, the impetuous wave,
Which now you seek, your ruthless being gave.
The season keeps you here, nor can you fly,
And winter grants the kindness you deny. 50
See, with what rage resistless Eurus roars,
And heaves the billows o'er the frighten'd shores :
Shall furious tempests more compassion show ?
Shall I owe them what I to you would owe ?

Hatè as you may, yet will you madly run 55
Content on ruin, so my arms you shun ?
Dire is thy hate, indeed, and costs thee dear,
If death less odious than my love appear.
Soon will the winds be hush'd, the tempests cease,
And yon wild waters sink at length in peace. 60
You with the changing winds shall alter too,
Or harden'd oaks are not so hard as you ;
Dost thou of storms and horrors past complain ?
And dar'st thou trust the treacherous deep again ?
Death, though the winds were calm, the waves serene, 65
Beneath the faithless semblance lurks unseen ;
There pow'rs avenging due awards prepare
To broken vows, for crimes are punish'd there ;
A perjur'd lover, dar'st thou ocean brave,
Though Love's own mother issued from the wave³? 70
Lost as I am, I would not injure you,
And fear to die, lest heav'n my wrongs pursue :
False as thou art, I would not cause thy fate
Live rather thou, to kill me by thy hate.

Say, should thy vessel (be the omen vain), 75
Be rent by tempests on th' avenging main,
How will the pow'r who visits human crime,
Alarm thy conscience at that dreadful time?
Then broken vows will fill thy soul with fear,
And Dido, ruin'd by thy fraud, appear: 80
Shall bare her bleeding breast, and shrieking show
The wound yet recent, and repeat the blow.
Then shall you own such punishment is due,
And think the rapid lightnings hurl'd at you.
These ills to shun, thy purpos'd flight delay, 85
Thy safety more than compensates thy stay:
If me you scorn, your own Ascanius spare;
Shall young Iulus in my ruin share?
Think on your household gods, or did you save
Those gods from flames to perish in the wave? 90
But neither them from threat'ning fires you tore,
Nor aged parent on your shoulders bore.
Nor I the first that perjur'd tongue deceiv'd;
Like me, Creusa to her cost believ'd⁴.

If fair Iulus of her fate inquire, 95
She died deserted by his treacherous sire.
Thus warn'd of broken faith, my present ill
I well, indeed, deserve, for loving still.
For crimes like these so long your wand'ring fleet
Have summers scorch'd, and wint'ry tempests beat. 100
On these our shores, a wretched outcast thrown,
And scarce secure of life, you found a throne:
Not so content, to raging love a slave,
Ah! gift too late deplor'd—myself I gave.
When to the cavern, time accurs'd! we fled, 105
Fate doom'd to ruin this devoted head;
There deem'd secure, whilst rag'd the storm around,
I sought for safety, but perdition found;
A dreadful howling fill'd the conscious cave;
The nymphs I thought the spousal signals gave; 110
Vain thought! instead, the furies scream'd from hell,
And seal'd my ruin with a funeral yell.
Oh, violated fame, and faith betray'd!
Exact your dues to my Sichæus' shade;

To whom, with downcast eyes, and cheeks that glow, 115

Shame's burning hue, a guilty ghost I go ;

Ere tyrant love his second arrow sent,

Or yet Sichæus from my soul was rent,

His sacred image in a temple plac'd,

With woollen bands and leafy wreaths I grac'd. 120

From hence, of late, whilst horror struck me dumb,

Four times his well-known voice cried, " Dido, come !"

Husband, I come, forgive this short delay ;

'Tis shame, 'tis conscious shame which makes me stay.

Nor, oh ! refuse the pardon I implore, 125

For cause for sin had never woman more ;

No slight temptation led my faith astray,

Nor lightly gave I to the passion way ;

His race divine, his old and helpless sire,

A sacred burthen, borne through foes and fire. 130

'Twas this which won my soul, and urg'd my fall ;

Oh ! give him truth, and he deserv'd it all.

From youth inur'd to woes, relentless fate

Pursues me still with unremitted hate.

By lust of gold his impious brother led, 135
My hapless husband at the altar bled ;
Driv'n from his ashes, and my native land,
I scarce by flight escap'd the murd'rer's hand ;
For realms unknown I cross'd the dangerous sea,
And bought the very land I gave to thee ⁵: 140
And here, whilst yet my new-born turrets rise,
The neighbouring nations look with jealous eyes ;
War threats around, a helpless woman I,
In war unskill'd, the chance of war must try :
A thousand suitors for my hand complain, 145
The prize denied to them that you should gain.
To crown thy falsehood this alone remains,
To stern Iarbas give me bound in chains ⁶ ;
Or to my brother, welcome prize, resign ;
Stain'd with my husband's blood, he thirsts for mine. 150
Do this, and more, but from thy gods refrain,
Nor touch with impious hands their sacred fane :
Whilst they thy crimes with indignation see,
They blush to have been sav'd from flames by thee.

Oh ! think perhaps my growing womb contains 155

Sure pledge (if thou art kind), of future pains :

Say, to the mother wilt thou add the son ?

Two thus destroying in the fate of one.

His brother so shall young Iulus lose ?

And life the father to his child refuse ? 160

Some god forbids, it seems, your longer stay ;

Would the same god had kept thee still away !

That god your guide, so often have you cross'd

The seas in vain, and been by tempests toss'd ?

Fraudful once more he lures you to the main ; 165

'Tis madness sure to trust such guide again.

Scarce Troy itself, ere made the wealthy spoil

Of hated foes, was worth such lengthen'd toil ;

Though now you steer not where the native tide

Of sacred Simois laves your Ida's side ; 170

But where the waves of distant Tyber flow,

To land at last—a guest—perhaps a foe.

Lost in the search, what years shall roll away !

How youth shall leave thee, and how strength decay !

Wilt thou, insensate, then, thy toils renew ? 175
And dubious good through certain ills pursue ?
Here if you stay, repose the fates accord,
And longing thousands court thee for their lord ;
Here wealth and power secure you may enjoy,
And find with happier stars another Troy ; 180
Or, if thy soul inglorious ease disdain,
And longs Iulus for the battle plain,
Here, worthy of his arms, around are foes ;
Here may he rage in war, or peace impose.
Here—by thy father's spirit I adjure, 185
And by thy brother's darts, alas ! too sure—
By thy own safety, by the gods you bore
From flames, here fix thee on this friendly shore :
So may the clouds which have so long o'ercast
Your frowning fate, be now for ever past, 190
So may your foes your force in fight confess,
And Mars propitious crown you with success !
So may your son in years and fame increase,
And so your sire's remains repose in peace !

If won with ease, and light appear my fame, 195
Not me, in justice, but my passion blame.
Why should you hate? before your Trojan wall,
No blood of mine conspir'd the city's fall.
Yet, if such wife you scorn, I'll banish shame—
A love like mine contends not for a name; 200
Make me but yours, I'll be contented still,
Your friend—your mistress—any thing you will.

All changes of our Lybian climes I know;
Here certain winds at certain seasons blow.
When milder skies prevail, before the gales 205
Raise the tall mast, and spread the swelling sails;
Now northern blasts blow fierce upon the land,
And heap the driving sea-weed on the sand:
Trust to my care, when safe the seas again,
For then you shall not, if you would, remain: 210
But now your harass'd comrades, worn with cares,
Some rest require—your navy needs repairs.
Grant, I conjure, by every fond embrace
Of dear though guilty love, some little space;

Oh ! stay, at least, by all thou ow'st me, stay, 215
Till calmer reason re-assume her sway ;
Stay till its present rage wild ocean cease,
And time shall soothe the wilder soul to peace :
Or grant me this, or be assur'd the wrong
I suffer now, I will not suffer long ; 220
For know, before me lies your Trojan blade,
And death stands ready by to lend his aid ;
The weeping steel receives a falling flood,
And streams with tears—so soon to stream with blood :
How well thy presents with my fate accord ! 225
Thou gav'st me first thy love, and then thy sword ;
Thy second gift was kindest, for thy first
Not only pierc'd before, but wounds the worst.
And thou, dear sister, conscious of my shame,
Pay the last office which a wretch can claim ; 230
Nor on my tomb Sichæus' name be shown,
But this short legend only mark the stone :
“ Dido the cause, and sword which laid her low,
“ Æneas owed, her own was but the blow.”

NOTES.

Note 1, Argument.

Some time after, Æneas, &c.

THE introduction of Æneas at the court of Dido is generally received as the most celebrated anachronism of the Latin muse, and as such has been for centuries quoted on all occasions. It will, perhaps, excite surprise in many, when I observe, that notwithstanding it is more conformable to the whole tenour of ancient history to believe, that Dido and Æneas really were contemporaries, and that the defective state of the present, and long-received system of early chronology, only, has given birth to the contrary opinion. To discuss the question in this place, by examining the different authorities, and by exhibiting the test of mathematical calculation, would far exceed the reasonable limits of a note. I shall content myself with remarking, firstly, that the supposed anachronism is of about three hundred years; and that Newton clearly shews, that the æra of the Trojan war

should be dated nearly the same number of years later, which will fix the age of Dido and Æneas at the same period. Secondly, that Dido was the daughter of Belus, king of Phœnicia, who assisted Teucer on his return from the Trojan war, in building the city of Salamis. Belus was soon after succeeded by his son Pygmalion, who, by the murder of Sichæus, forced Dido to retire to Africa, where she founded the city of Carthage. As Æneas did not arrive in Africa until several years after the destruction of Troy (having lost much time in making several ineffectual attempts to settle in the Grecian seas), it may be easily supposed that Dido in the mean time had left Tyre, and that Carthage may have been in the condition in which, according to Virgil, and the following epistle, it was found by Æneas.

Note 2, page 137, line 8.

Or pierce thy brother's heart, or mine forbear.

Æneas was the son of Venus, and consequently the brother of Cupid.

Note 3, page 138, line 16.

Though Love's own mother issued from the wave.

Venus was called also Aphrodite, from having sprung from the froth of the sea, after that most ungrateful operation performed by Saturn on his father Uranus.

Note 4, page 139, line last.

Like me, Creusa to her cost believ'd.

Creusa, one of the many daughters of Priam by Hecuba, was the first wife of Æneas ; on the night on which Troy was taken, she fled with her husband. Æneas, supporting his father on his shoulders with one hand, and by the other holding his young son Ascanius, or Iulus, was prevented from attending to his wife ; they were separated in the confusion, and he was unable to recover her. Dido here insinuates that he purposely deserted her.

Note 5, page 142, line 6.

And bought the very land I gave to thee.

On the arrival of Dido in Africa, the natives, jealous of the number of her followers, were inclined to dispute her landing. She satisfied them by offering to pay for whatever land she might require, and by limiting its extent to the quantity which could be surrounded by a bull's hide. She accordingly cut it into many excessively narrow strips, and contrived to inclose a sufficient piece of territory for the erection of a citadel, which she called Byrsa, from *βύρσα*, a hide.

Note 6, page 142, line 14.

To stern Iarbas give me bound in chains.

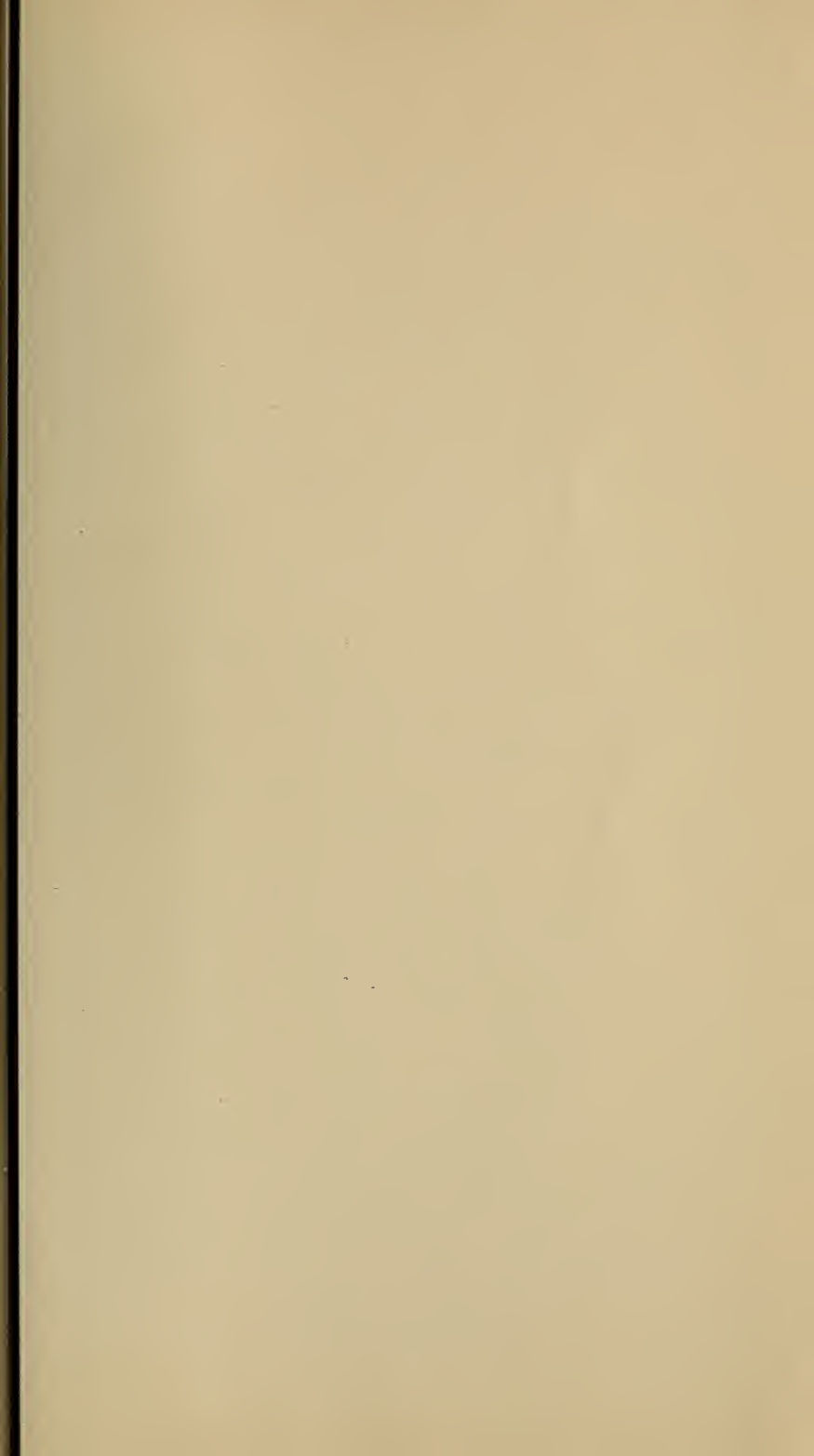
Iarbas, a suitor of Dido, who prepared, with many others, to

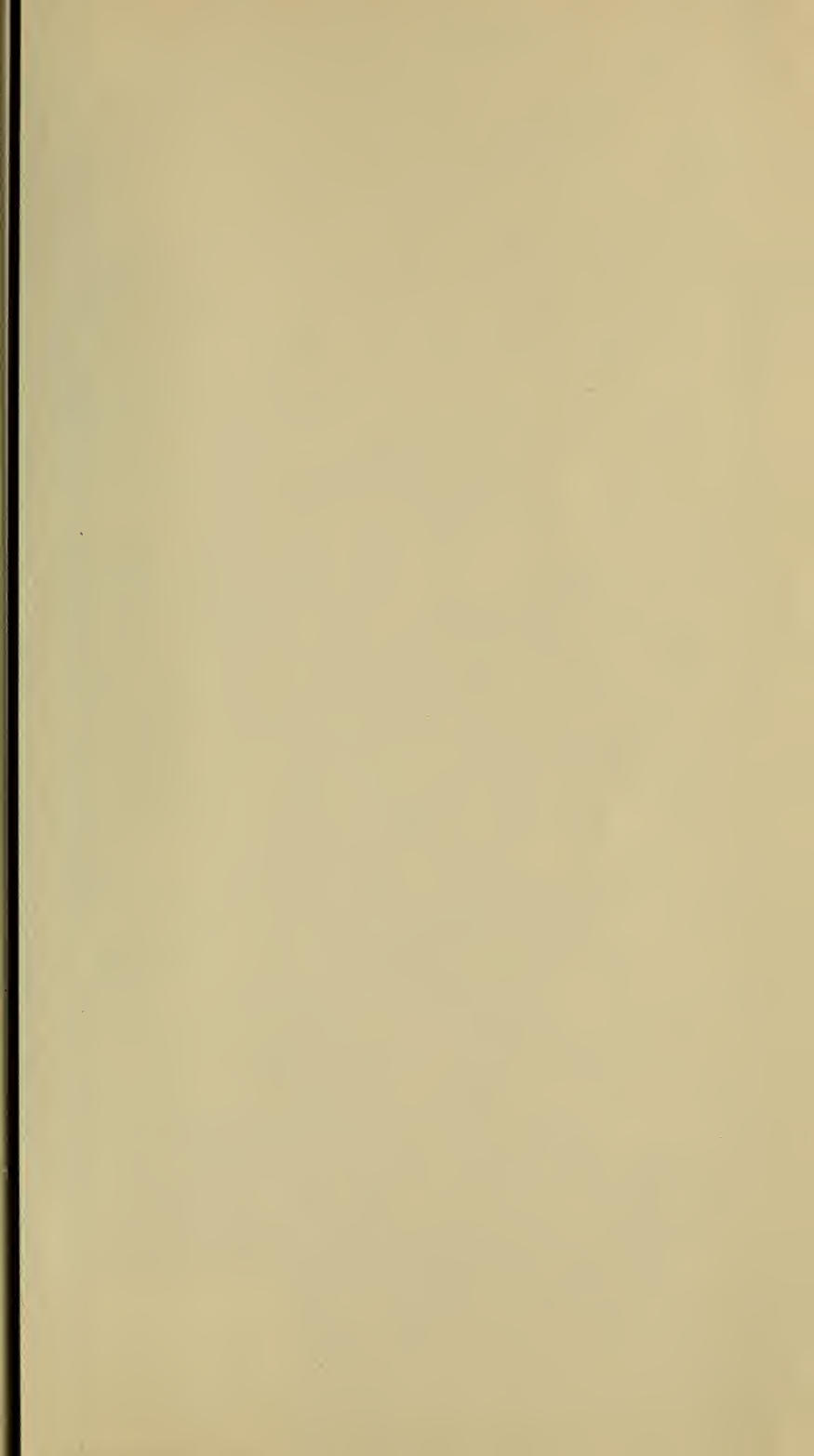
revenge by arms the slight offered him by her preference of Æneas. She was strengthened in her resolution to destroy herself on the departure of Æneas, by the fear of falling into the hands of Iarbas. As she threatens in the letter, she stabbed herself with a sword which she had received as a present from the faithless Trojan.

FINIS.

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